

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 2,564



NOVEMBER 18, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

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\*LONDON\*

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**THE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 18, 1899**



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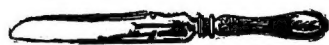
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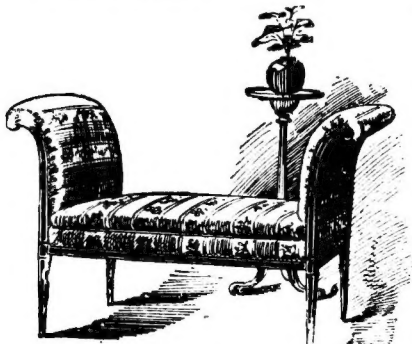
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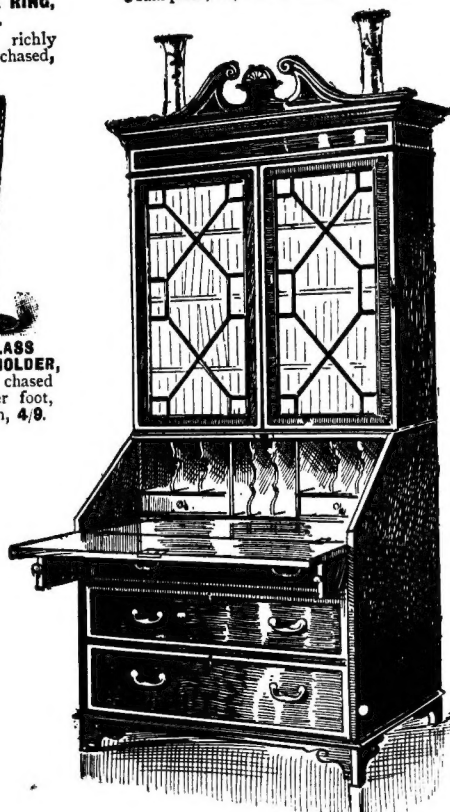
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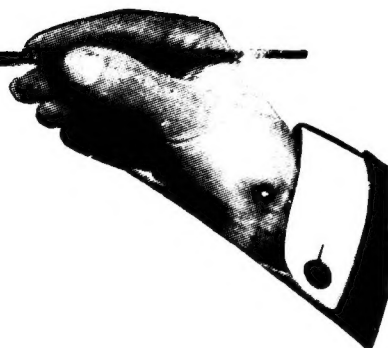


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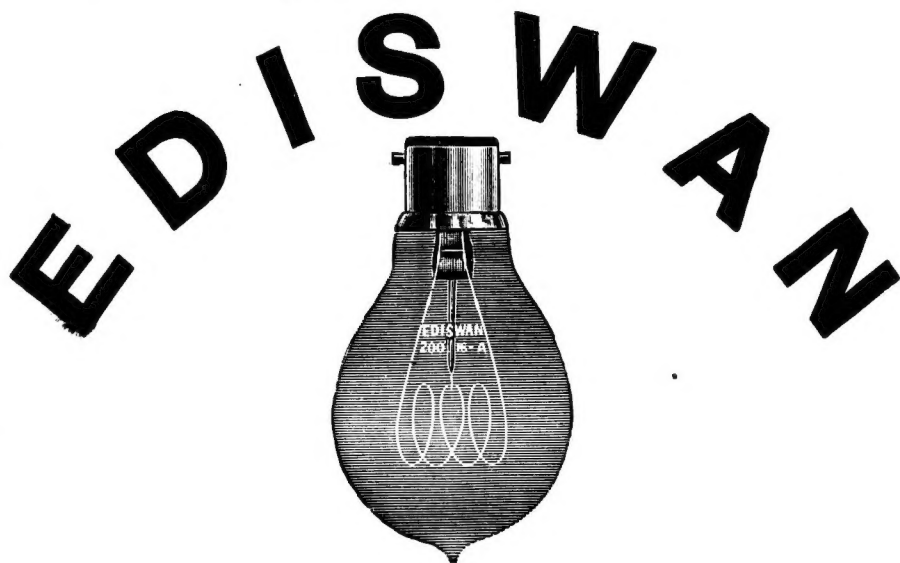
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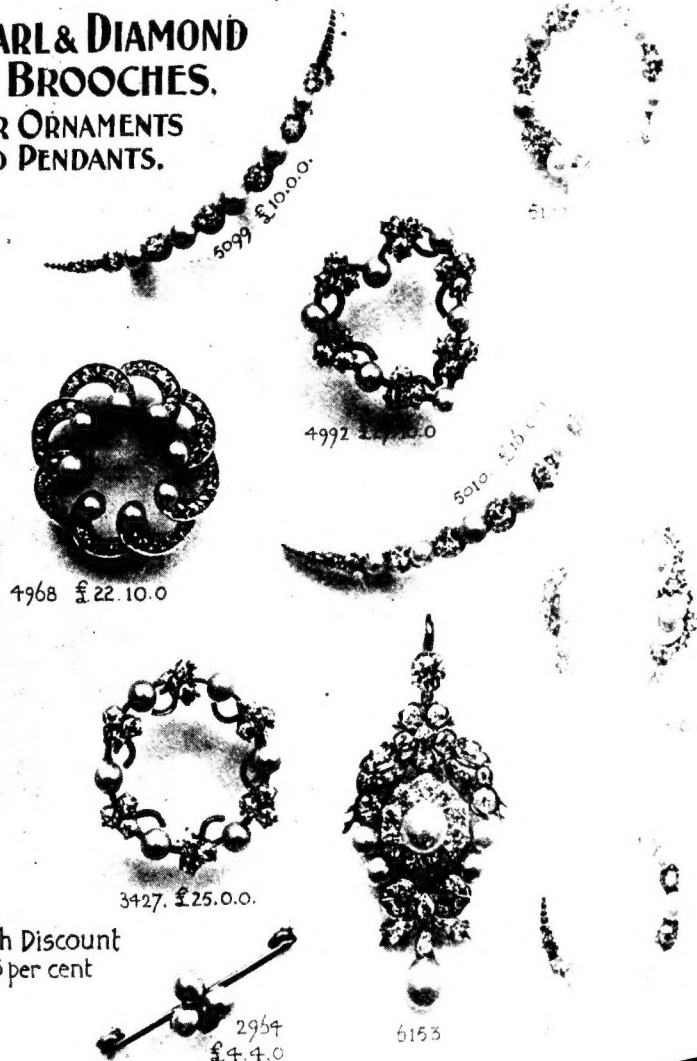
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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,1564—LX. ] EDITION  
Registered as a newspaper DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899 WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
"The War" By Post, 9½d.]



"I have asked you, who have always served near me, to come here that I may take leave of you before you start on your long voyage to a distant part of my Empire, in whose defence your comrades are now so nobly fighting. I know that you will always do your duty to your Sovereign and country, wherever that duty may lead you, and I pray God to protect you and bring you back safely home."

THE QUEEN'S GOD-SPEED TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY FOR SOUTH AFRICA

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

## THE DAILY GRAPHIC

Readers of the Daily Graphic in Manchester, Sheffield and Nottingham and surrounding districts may now obtain the Daily Graphic at seven o'clock in the morning. Arrangements have been made with the Great Central Railway for an early Express Train which will convey the paper in time for it to be on the breakfast table of dwellers in the Midlands as well as in London. All may thus reap the benefit of the Daily Graphic unrivalled War Sketches. All war news and telegrams up to the last moment.

## Topics of the Week

**A Policy of Justice**

As day after day the transports arrive at Cape Town, and General Buller's Field Force begins to assume something of its final shape and strength, the public mind, skipping many a disagreeable interlude, begins to busy itself with the question of ultimate settlement. A stray sentence in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall last week—"We seek no territory"—was hailed by the Little Englanders as a pledge that the war would be waged in vain, and, as such it was, for twenty-four hours, fervently applauded by those singularly constituted gentry. The protests of the Ministerial journals, together with a study of the context of the speech itself, soon dissipated this delusion. It is perfectly true that we "seek no territory," for, as a matter of fact, the territory to which allusion was made—or, rather, the larger part of it—is already a sort of fief of the British Crown. When we consider that the Transvaal is only a semi-Sovereign State, and that the element of Sovereignty it lacks is vested in Great Britain, it is a manifest absurdity to describe any modification of its status as adding to the dominions of the Crown. The Transvaal has always been a sphere of British influence—and so, for the matter of that, has been the Orange Free State. Hence, if both were annexed outright we should not be adding territory to the Empire, but only transforming a dependent into an integral relationship. This, however, was probably not the point which the Premier had in his mind when he repudiated the idea that we were seeking an extension of territory. What he meant to say was that such an extension was not the primary object of our statesmanship. That object is to secure "equal rights for all men of all races (in South Africa), and security for our fellow-subjects and the Empire." The idea of annexation was not in our minds, and if that idea should eventually take form it would only be as a consequence of our main object and a means of realising it. In a word, we do not seek territory, and if annexation becomes necessary it will not be because we desire it but because we cannot help it. As for the idea that anything like a Majuba policy is contemplated by Lord Salisbury we have only to glance at his speech to see that he repudiated it altogether. On this point it is sufficient to notice the emphatic terms in which he attributed the present war to the policy of 1881 and 1884, which gave the Transvaal a very slightly modified political independence and perfect freedom in its military administration. It would be difficult to forecast the exact details of the final settlement, but certain of its broad lines can admit of no doubt. In the first place, it is clear that whether there be annexation or not the suzerainty of the Queen will be made a manifest reality in both Republics. In the second place, we shall provide against any repetition of the diplomatic intrigues and military aggression of the last fifteen years by taking full charge of the foreign relations of the Republics and by suppressing their armaments. Finally, both Boer and Uitlander will be placed on an equality in the matter of political rights. All this may be done without annexations of territory or even modifications of the existing autonomy in internal affairs, but its result would be that the Boer Republics as such would practically cease to exist. It is difficult, indeed, to see what other result the war could have if the equal rights of white men in South Africa and the security of Imperial interests are to be adequately served. We may depend upon it, however, that the Government will not limit themselves to these mild proposals. They have to assure future generations against the perils with which they have had to grapple, and in order to do this their settlement will have to be drastic and thorough. The policy of magnanimity has been tried in South Africa on a scale unprecedented in political history. It must not be attempted again. The policy which Her Majesty's Government have to follow, and which they will no doubt adopt, is a policy of strict and uncompromising justice—justice to Britishers as well as to Boers, a justice which, while providing for permanent peace, will see that those who have suffered shall not go unrelieved, and that those who have worked evil shall not go unpunished.

### Hands Across the Sea

MR. CHOATE did not use too large a term when designating the cordial relations which now subsist between Great Britain and the United States "ironclad friendship." The Ambassador did not mean, of course, that this happy concord will last for ever; even the strongest of ironclads is liable to decay. What he had in his mind was the present strength of Anglo-American friendship, and the likelihood of its endurance for a considerable period. Undoubtedly, there is cogent reason for that view; even as our sympathy with the United States in their war with Spain on behalf of outraged humanity won for us American gratitude, so now their sympathy with England in upholding human rights in South Africa is most warmly and sincerely appreciated. There is the farther similitude between the two cases that, whereas Great Britain would have done something more than talk had any Continental Powers interfered on behalf of Spain, the United States are equally resolved that there shall be no foreign interference in South Africa. And our kindly cousins handseil this bargain of reciprocal goodwill by presenting us with a hospital ship for the use of our sick and wounded soldiers. Here, then, we have the basis for genuine "ironclad" friendship—reciprocity in goodwill and revived remembrance of kinship. No doubt, there will be disputes from time to time; that is inevitable. But now that the two nations have come so close together through natural affinities, it is hardly conceivable that they will ever again be in danger of coming to blows. Pulling the lion's tail is not likely to be much in vogue among American politicians for many a year.

### Satisfactory all Round.

ALTHOUGH the Samoan settlement has been sharply criticised by "superior persons" in England, Germany, and the United States, the mass of their inhabitants are practically agreed that it reflects credit on the able diplomatists who arranged the details. While Germany gets all that her most ardent patriots hoped for, Great Britain receives a full equivalent for what she surrenders in Samoa by acquiring from Germany certain islands in the Western Pacific which have solid value to us, although very little to the Power that hands them over. Thus, each nation parts with territory on which it laid little store, and obtains in exchange possessions on which it has long set covetous eyes. The United States also secure a plum out of the Pacific pie for their own eating; indeed, there are some who consider that the magnificent harbour of Pago-Pago in Tutuila would, by itself, much more than compensate our cousins for giving up their share of governing authority in Samoa. As regards Australasian sentiment, Sir W. Des Vœux considers that it, least of all, has reason to be dissatisfied with an arrangement which pushes foreign influence farther away from Greater Britain. But the best and most commendable feature of this diplomatic masterpiece is that it gets rid, once for all, of a very possible cause for ill-feeling between three proud and patriotic nations, which otherwise have most of their interests in common, commercial rivalry apart. That is the spirit which dominates the whole bargain, including the division of the neutral parallelogram in West Africa, and Lord Salisbury deserves the highest credit for his share in this excellent tripartite compact.

## The New English Art Club

THE walls of the Dudley Gallery, at present in the occupation of the New English Art Club, are hung with good intentions. Promises abound—promises made, promises broken, and a few promises fulfilled. To the latter category, necessarily the smallest, belongs Mr. Shannon's noble portrait of Mr. Alphonse Legros, a work of great technical accomplishment and of singular dignity and power. Its one defect—and that a great one—lies in the colouring of the flesh, for it is difficult to believe that even when seen in a half light or a bad light the Professor is really as brown as a berry. Now, were Mr. Shannon a poor painter, anything but the highly talented artist that he is, the spectator need not take the defect to heart; but as he is probably one of the few whose work will be valued by a future generation it is matter for genuine regret that his finer works should be cast in such a note that the darkening hand of time will leave but little visible delight for posterity to enjoy. Reticence such as this is not professed by many others here. Rugged work, often forceful, uncouth and free, there is here in abundance, but the problems of light interest the Clubmen more than those of sober shadow, and spot-liness is more common. Thus Mr. Wilson Steer, in his attempt to realise the vivid glare of a noonday sun among the trees, is cold, hard, and unsympathetic, and, it appears to us, incorrect as well, for light so strong can hardly be so colourless. The painter is much happier in his "Evening" than in "Under the Trees;" it is a sweet and tender sketch. But it is not a picture—nor are the majority of the landscapes here completed pictures. They are sketches, to be completed—or wiped out and begun again. Examine, for example, Mr. Henry's "South-Western"—the scribble is very suggestive and the tones may be very true; but it remains a scribble which the artist apparently has not the courage to finish. Different are certain others—the excellently modelled and characterised head of Mr. Monkhouse by Mr. Francis Dodd, the convincing "Dutch Kitchen" of Mr. Oppler, the delicate "Seapiece" of Mr. D. S. MacColl, and the cool pastiche of Morland in Mr. Muirhead's "Landscape"—a picture of grey green, blue and white. But more interesting than any of these is Mr. Charles Furse's design for a spandrel in the Liverpool Town Hall, a representation of shipping and dock-work, an admirable filling for the space, extremely ingenious and beautifully drawn. With a few more pictures as earnest and satisfactory as those of Mr. Shannon, Mr. Dodd, and Mr. Douglas Robinson, and drawings like those of Mr. Brabazon and Mr. Grace, the New English Art Club would atone for the indiscretions of its faddists and add to the interest which even now, in some degree, it boasts.

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "RICHARD II." IN BURLINGTON GARDENS

WHILE Mr. Tree at HER MAJESTY'S is confining the practice of mounting Shakespearean revivals with loving care, and quoting Shakespeare himself in the words of the *Chronicles* to *King Henry V.* in support of his views, the Elizabethan Society continue to pride themselves on their self-denying endurance and, costumes apart, still prefer to present Shakespeare in the most primitive fashion. The representation of *King Richard II.*, given by Mr. Poel and his brother and sister associates in the Lecture Hall of the London University, Burlington Gardens, on Saturday afternoon, was even more remarkable than usual for its plainness. The acting was certainly creditable for a non-professional company, but the demands upon the spectators' powers of imagination, by a broad line of tapestry, and a grey carpet floor represented successively, with trifling variations, Windsor Castle, John of Gaunt's Palace, the Lists at Coventry, Bolingbroke's Camp, Westminster Hall, and a dungeon in Pomfret Hall, were occasionally a little ludicrous.

Among other projects the Society are preparing to produce *Hamlet* in the form of the mutilated first edition, which some authorities regard as representing the poet's first draft, and not, as others think, a grossly imperfect copy obtained in part by shorthand notes furtively taken by some illiterate person in the theatre. In any case the spectator must prepare to have his ears offended by some strange metrical heresies, as in the following version of the most famous of the young Prince of Denmark's soliloquies:—

HAMLET.—To be, or not to be. I, there's the point.  
To die, to sleep. Is that all? I, all.  
No, to sleep, to dream. I, marry, there it goes,  
For in that dream of death when we awake,  
And borne before an everlasting judge,  
From whence no passenger ever returned,  
The undiscovered country at whose sight  
The happy smile and the accursed dæmonel,  
But for this, the joyful hope of this,  
Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world?  
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poor.

—and so on to the end. It is not easy to see how a representation of *Hamlet* in this form can do honour to the poet's memory, or afford any sort of pleasure to an audience in these days.

More interesting to the sober-minded worshipper of Shakespeare is the announcement that Mr. F. K. Benson, with his company, who are entrusted from year to year by the Shakespeare Memorial Committee at Stratford-on-Avon with the arrangements for the Festival performances in the MEMORIAL Theatre, are looking forward to a series of Shakespearean revivals to be given at the LYCEUM Theatre next year, beginning February 15. Their beautiful revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has not faded from the memory of London playgoers; but it is now a considerable time since this studious and well-trained troupe were seen in town. Besides a comedy of Sheridan they propose to give seven plays of Shakespeare, among the most interesting of which revival is *Hamlet*, according to the second quarto, which will be played in its entirety.

*Jack and the Beanstalk*—not *Jack the Giant-Killer* as some have announced—will be the title of the pantomime at DRURY LANE. At the GARRICK *Puss in Boots* will be the theme. No pantomime will be seen at the LYCEUM, but *The Snowman*, by Mr. Arthur Sturges—"a fairy story and a dream-tale"—will provide the patrons of this house with an essentially Christmas holiday entertainment, embracing brilliant scenes and pretty music. The commodious stage of the NEW OLYMPIC will also be occupied by a Christmas entertainment—in the shape of an American piece entitled, *A Part of Magic*, in which the clever Midget Company will play their original parts. As usual, pantomimes will flourish in the suburbs far and wide.

The souvenir of *King John*, which was presented on Monday evening to all visitors to HER MAJESTY'S, is a more than usually tasteful and elaborate publication. It contains sixteen costume portraits, with two tableaux, a descriptive account of Mr. Tree's stage copy of the play, and a few remarks by way of "afterword" by Mr. Tree himself. The little book is quaintly and attractively bound in rough brown paper, with a mediæval cover design in red, white and black.

The new play, entitled *In Old Kentucky*, at the PRINCESS, is an American sporting drama, which has already been given in suburban theatres. Its incidents and situations present nothing very new, unless it be the stud of thoroughbred horses, some of which, it is stated, won races at Lexington, where the great racing scenes of the drama are laid. These are constructed after a familiar pattern which dates back to the time of Mr. Boucicault's *Flying Scud*, the piece has the elements of popularity.

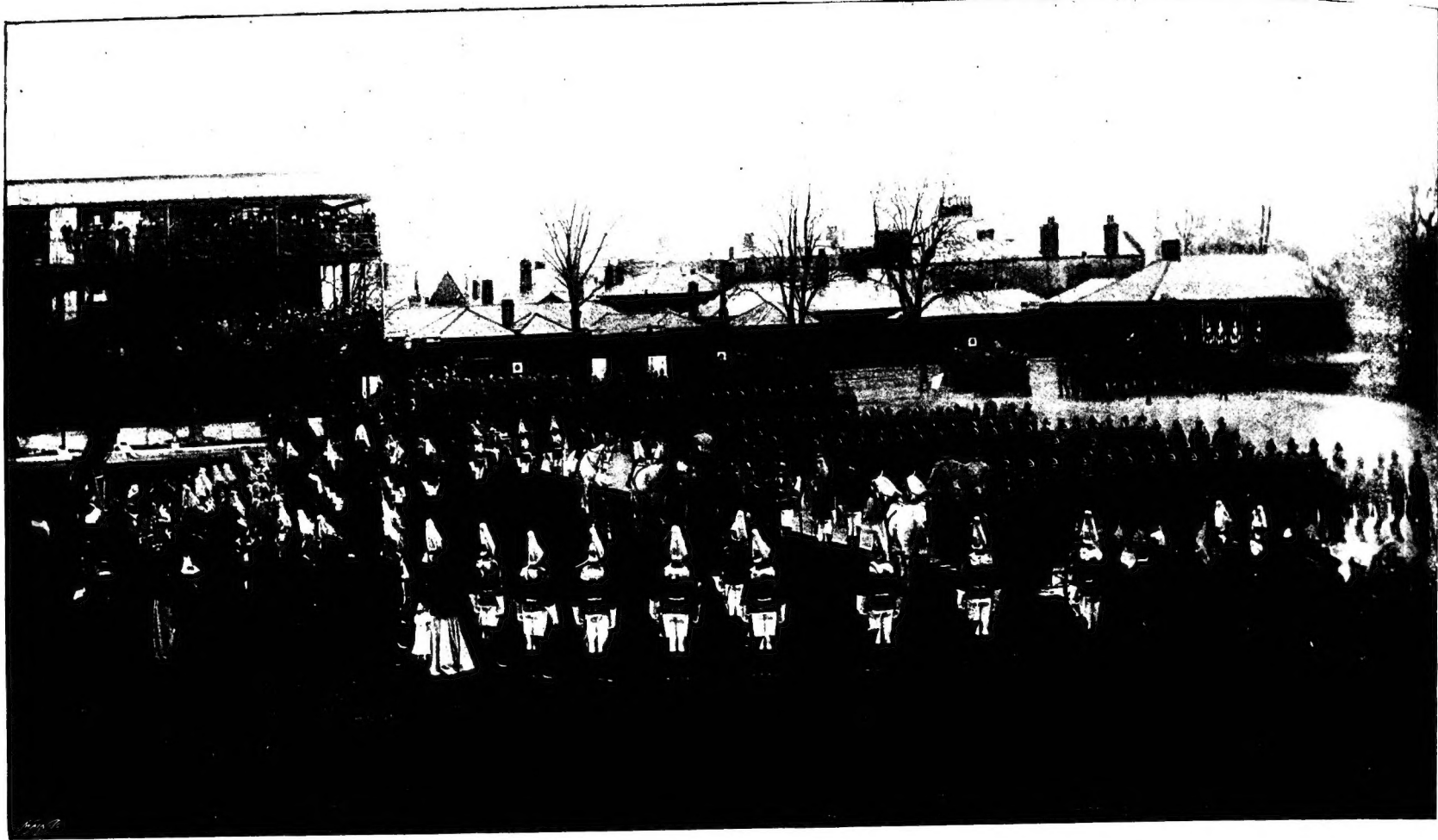
The bill of the HAYMARKET, where *The Dutch Tulip* is in the full tide of favour, is to be supplemented shortly by a little piece by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Addison Bright, entitled *The Bague Call*. It presents a story of modern life, the action of which passes in a lady's drawing-room near Buckingham Gate.

Among the numerous patriotic projects of the same kind the forthcoming "monster performance" at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre on behalf of widows and orphans of Gaunt, and in the present war in South Africa, promises to stand out very conspicuously. Aristocratic amateurs, including—if rumour is to be trusted—many society beauties, will co-operate on the occasion, and there has been the in the foremost rank of "the profession," and a great deal of sympathy evinced in high quarters that the greater portion forming a "box for Royalty," which will cover the greater portion of the dress circle. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by graciously donating to defray all the expenses of the occasion.

Though a familiar incident in the United States, the sale by auction of seats for the opening night of WYNDHAM'S Theatre at the City Athenæum Club on Monday afternoon is, I believe, wholly without precedent in this country. It only remains to congratulate Mr. Wyndham on the brilliant success of the experiment. The prices were what the sporting world calls "record prices." Although only five boxes and sixty-four other seats were sold in this way, the sale will bring to the Lord Mayor's Fund no less a sum than 1,650*l.*







FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE COMPOSITE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY REGIMENT AT WINDSOR



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. DADD

On the outbreak of the war, the Boers commandeered property of all kinds at Johannesburg. Gold to the following amounts was commandeered:—Bank of Africa, 5,792 ounces; Standard Bank, 12,907 ounces; African Banking Company, 2,617 ounces; Natal Bank, 3,424 ounces. Our illustration shows Lieutenant Muller commandeering bar gold at the Bank of Africa in Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

BOERS COMMANDEERING BAR GOLD AT THE BANK OF AFRICA IN JOHANNESBURG

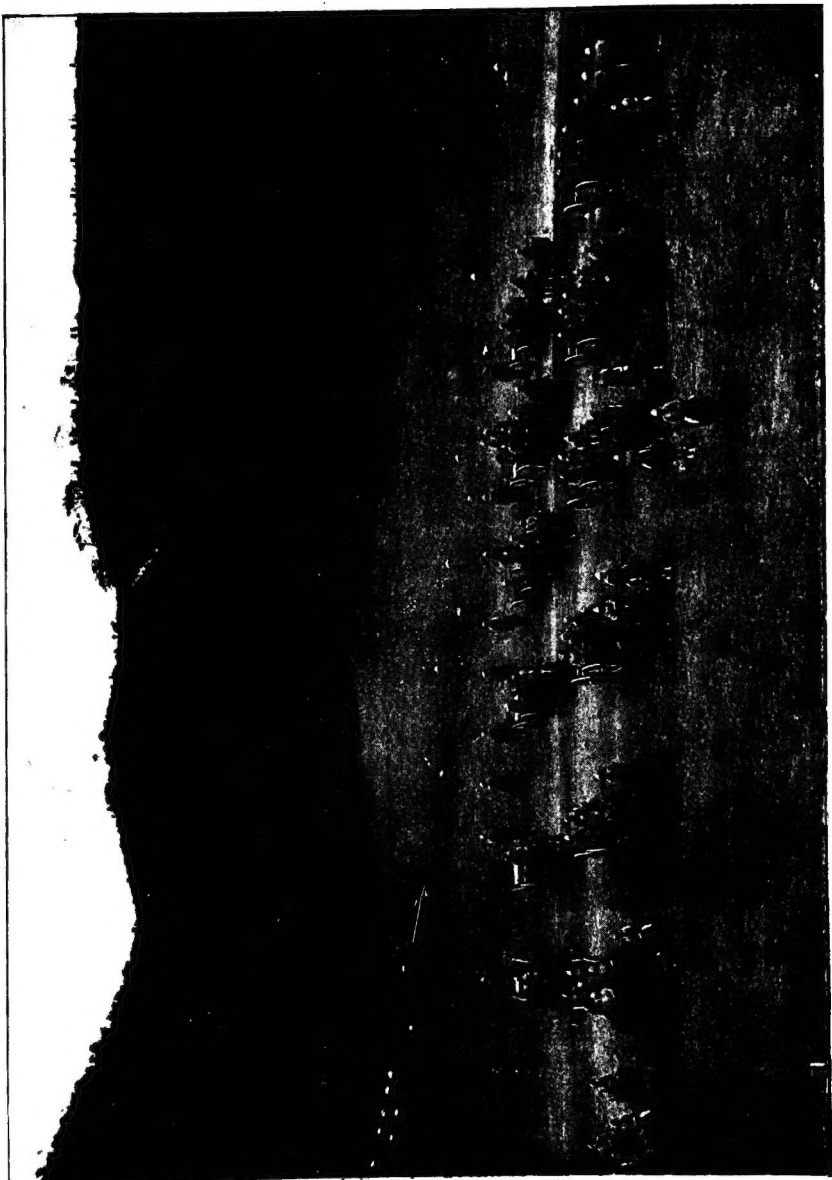




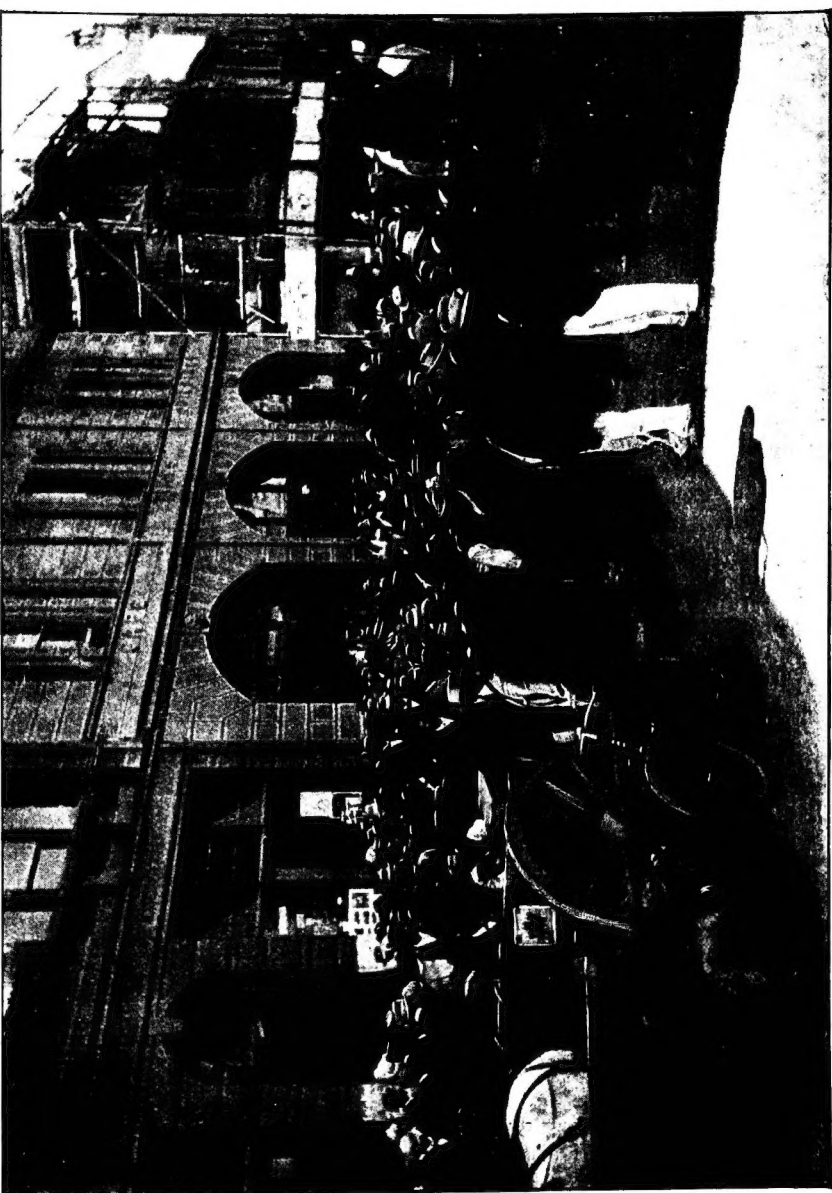
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. KISCH, LADYSMITH  
THE OVAL RECREATION GROUND AT LADYSMITH, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE TENIS OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. KISCH, LADYSMITH  
THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS AT LADYSMITH MARCHING TO THE FRONT

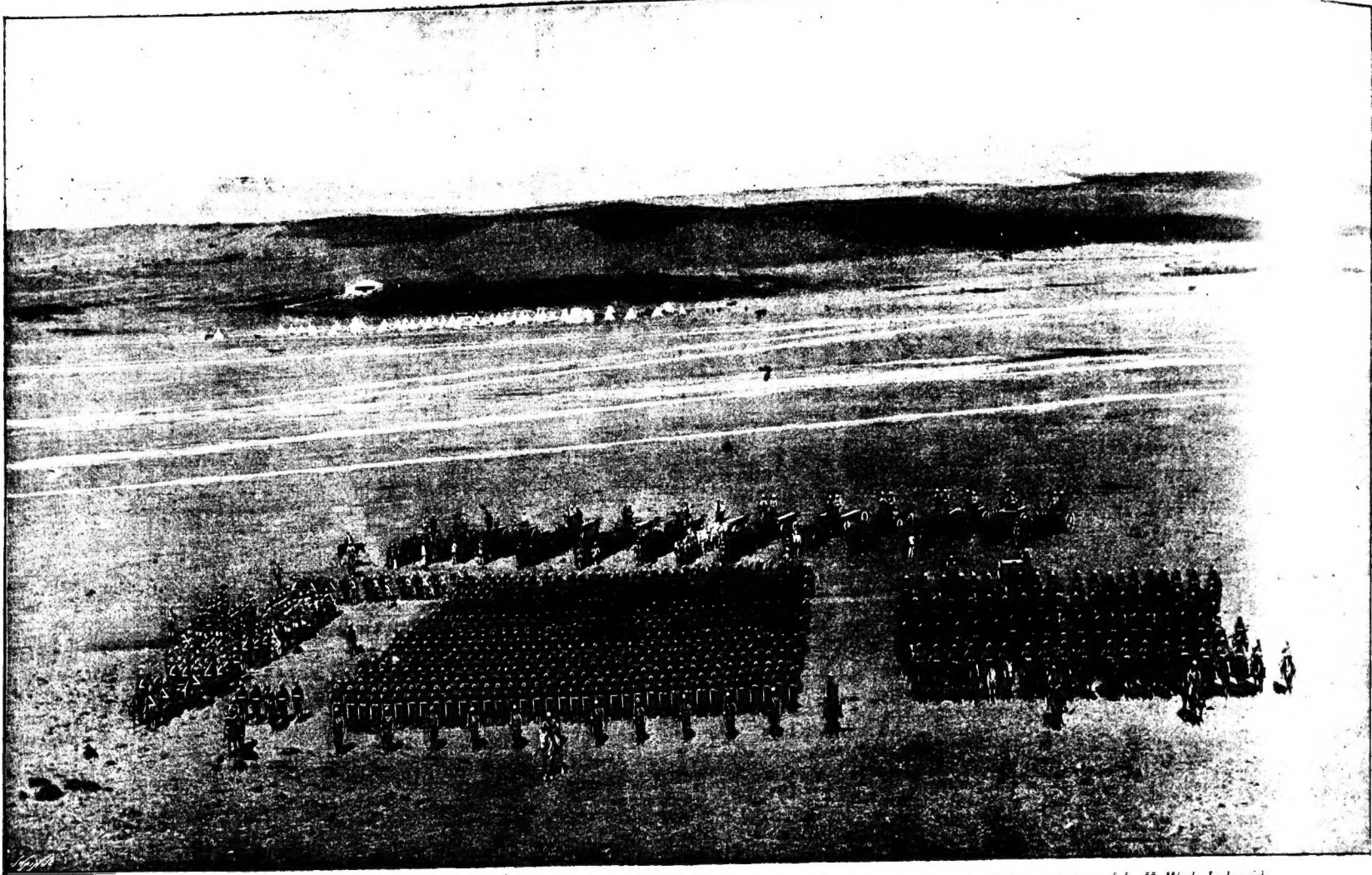


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. KISCH, LADYSMITH  
THE 69TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY PARADED AT LADYSMITH

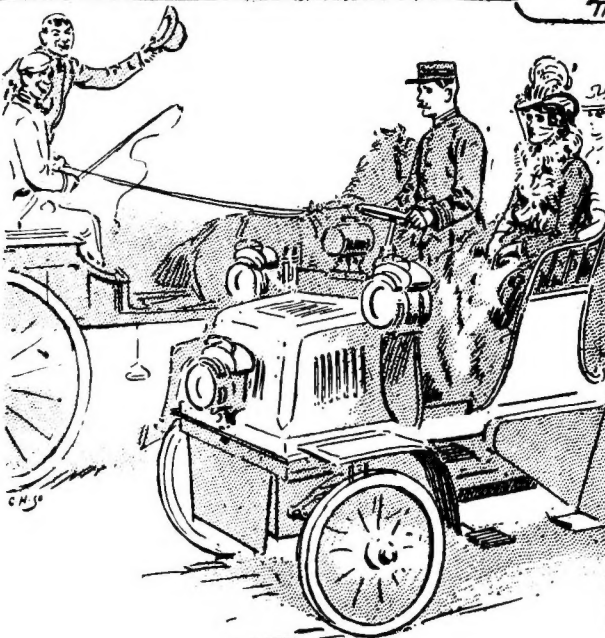
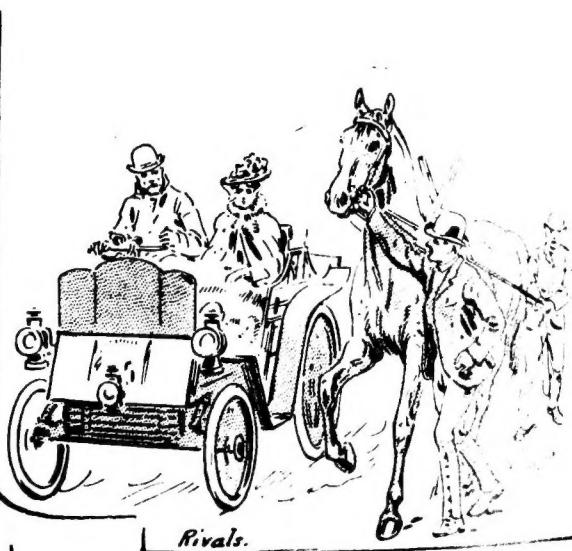
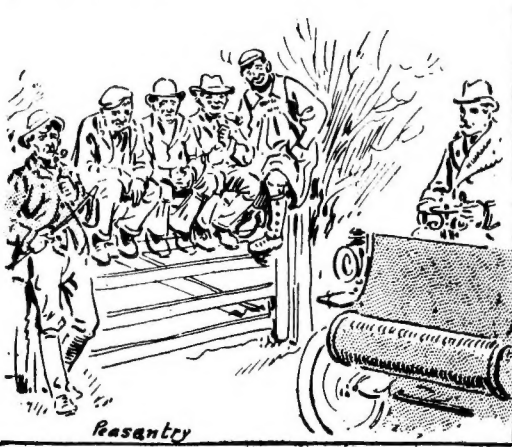


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BURTON, CAPE TOWN  
NEWS FROM THE FRONT: OUTSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE AT CAPE TOWN

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: FROM THE CAPE TO THE FRONT



On the left is the machine-gun detachment and the drums and fifes, while on the right is the mounted infantry detachment. Our illustration is from a photograph by H. Kisch, Ladysmith  
THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT ON PARADE AT LADYSMITH



The fourth annual meet of the Motor Club was held on Monday, when about a hundred cars left the Hotel Metropole at eleven o'clock to travel to Brighton. The journey was not accomplished without mishaps to some of the cars. The first car to reach Brighton arrived there at three o'clock

THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE MOTOR CAR CLUB: THE RUN TO BRIGHTON

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD





*"Before her stood Jack with a little wickerwork cage in his hand, and in it two choughs. She saw them not, nor the cage only Jack. She sprang to her feet with a cry, and in a moment was in his arms, and the cage and birds had fallen."*

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER XLI.

#### THE WHITE CLIFF

In the night, Jane Marley came to the side of her daughter's bed and asked: "Why are you tossing so uneasily?"

"I cannot sleep," said the girl.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. "I have done wrong. I was desirous of procuring a pair of choughs. No one would trouble himself, and risk his neck to get them for me, but Jack Rattenbury, and he will go over the White Cliff for them. If anything were to happen to him—"

"Nothing would happen to him," said her mother. "Compose yourself. He would not risk himself for either of us. He hates us too heartily. He probably knows where are some birds easily reached, or he is performing. He will run into no danger on our account, because of that."

Somewhat calmed in mind, Winefred lay quieter. There was reason in her mother's words. She herself would adventure

nothing for Jack, and why should he run into danger on her account?

Nevertheless she was not wholly reassured, and rising before daybreak unperceived by her mother, she went down to the ferry, crossed with a couple of women bound for Seaton with eggs, and made her way to the White Cliff along the beach; then, turning up a cleft at the junction of the chalk and the red sandstone, she ascended to the summit, which rises four hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea, not perpendicularly, but so as to overhang.

A haze covered the water, and the bald white crag stood up as a horn of the moon issuing from the clouds.

Winefred was out of breath from the ascent, which was steep, and a catch came in her throat when she saw three figures, of which one was Jack, by an old thornbush that grew close to the edge.

As she had walked along the shore she had used the opportunity to observe the face of the crag more attentively than she had ever done before, and she had seen how that it had been gnawed into by the sea-winds till it resembled a piece of old Stilton cheese of which little save the rind is firm, and how difficult and perilous it would be for anyone to attempt to reach the recesses and ledges where the birds harboured. To ascend from the beach

would be a sheer impossibility; moreover, the places employed for breeding by the sea-birds were all near the summit, and were protected by the beetling brows of that summit.

With quivering lip, Winefred went to the three young men she saw before her, and singling out Jack, said roughly, "It is nonsense—I do not want the choughs."

"You offered a guinea for them," he replied.

"Take the guinea. I do not choose to endanger anyone's life. I had not noticed before how that the brow overhangs. I will not have the choughs."

"I am satisfied that they are to be got," said he; "I can but try."

"I will not have you try."

"You held me to my promise."

"I hold you no more. I withdraw everything I said. But you shall have the guinea."

"I do not want your guinea. I shall go after the birds all the same."

"I beg you will not go."

He smiled.

"I," said he, "am obstinate, as was my father. It is in our blood. When I have undertaken to do a thing, I do it."

"You will not, when I beseech you to desist."

"Yes. I shall get the choughs if they are to be had."

She was silent. She saw that it was in vain to use further entreaty, and yet her alarm was great. Her bosom heaved.

"We are not friends," she said at last. "We have been enemies. Perhaps for that very reason I do not relish that your death should be due to any fancies of mine."

"I am not dead yet, nor have I got the choughs."

She stooped; there was at her feet moss that was studded with dewdrops, and with it wiped her hands. "I am clear of it. I have entreated you not to venture on this mad expedition. If you go on now it is due to your own wilfulness. I am guiltless."

"You will not be held responsible," said Jack. Then turning to his companions, "Now mates, slew the cable about the thorn, and mind that it runs over the roller."

He indicated a piece of beechwood on the cliff-edge. The rope by which he was to be suspended was to cross this, so as not to fret on the edge of the cliff. This also would allow him, when climbing up or descending, to get his fingers under the cord. Without this contrivance they would be torn to the bone.

Winefred stood aside panting. She had been heated by climbing, but now she turned cold; all her nerves tingled as though she had been whipped with nettles.

"You must have a rope round your waist, Jack," said one of the lads.

"No, thank you, it would encumber me. I must be free. It is not so bad. I shall not swing but cling to the rocks and work myself down and along with my hands. I shall sit astride on the pole and have a crook to help me along."

Words of renewed entreaty to desist rose to Winefred's lips, but she could not speak them, and she knew that further remonstrance was profitless. Jack threw a bag across his shoulder, bound about his waist.

He stepped to the edge, cast himself flat on the turf and looked over. The end of the rope, attached to the middle of a short pole, swung in space.

"All right, lads," said he, and slipped over the verge.

Winefred's heart rose, and her head swam, as she saw him disappear. As he went, he looked at her and smiled.

Should the rope give way, should he lose his balance on the crosspole, there was for him a sheer fall of over four hundred feet. Below were broken masses of rock, fallen from above, about which the sea chafed and frothed, and among which it burrowed.

The cable was strong; it was passed twice round the trunk of the thorn, and was held fast by two lusty youths, who paid out gradually, as required. One of them, turning his head over his shoulder, said to the girl, "Go below, missie, and see how he manages."

She made no reply, but turned to obey. Her knees trembled under her, and she was sick at heart. As she descended, tears came coursing down her cheeks. Tears of vexation and of alarm. How would she feel ever after should an accident occur? The wiping her hands with dew could not brush away responsibility. Jack would not have ventured his life had she not urged him to it.

When she had reached the shore she looked up.

The White Cliff is composed of a cap of chalk, a hundred feet thick, striated with beds of flint, and this rests on a series of shelving cherty sandstone beds of a tawny hue. The inclination of these gives to the whole headland an appearance of lurching to its fall.

Water sinking through the chalk oozes through the sand and dissolves it, undermining the white bed above till masses of chalk that have lost all support tumble down. But the chalk itself is full of cavities caused by the soft rock being eaten into by the sea-winds. Consequently the entire mass is in incessant decomposition and crumbling down.

The mist had blown away, and Winefred was able, on looking up, to see the whole cliff towering above her, the white summit caught by the light of the rising sun.

Jackdaws, gulls, choughs, alarmed at the sight of a man descending towards their haunts, were wheeling, plunging, screaming.

The cord by which Jack was descending appeared to Winefred but as a thread of black horsehair.

He had grappled the protuberances of chalk and progressed, creeping downwards and inwards, about the humps and into corruptions wrought by the sea blasts. The surface was not only scooped out, but was also pockmarked, where nodules of flint had dropped away exposing the sockets in which they had lain. So friable was the rock that there was the ever present danger of the flints detaching themselves and raining down on the head of the climber.

There were projections on which the foot might rest and to which the fingers might cling, but each projection had to be tested before used, so deficient in tenacity was the chalk.

Winefred could not distinguish the little steel crook employed by Jack, but it served him in good stead; he could dig it into the rock, and by its aid draw himself along.

For a moment he disappeared behind a protruding mass, then he re-emerged, creeping like a fly. Now he stood balancing himself on a ledge so narrow as to be imperceptible from below, and seemed to be studying what looked like a smooth wall along which he purposed to advance by clinging.

A profile of rock stood out that bore a resemblance to George III. This the climber had to circumvent, but he was slow in accomplishing his work.

He penetrated into every recess, searching among the nests of the sea birds—so it seemed to Winefred, and so only could she account for the delay and his occasional disappearances. Then, if too much cord had been let out, he was constrained to gather it up as he crawled further till it was again taut.

He was on the chin of King George, groping in the jaw for some hollow into which he could insert a foot, some nodule sufficiently firm to which he could hold. Now he was plastered against His Majesty's cheek, sidling towards the ear.

Then down came a hail of dislodged flints and a snow shower of chalk, as Jack slipped.

Next moment a scud of vapour swept past and blotted out the summit of the cliff.

Winefred had her knuckles pressed into her mouth to check the cry that she could not otherwise restrain, or the gasp that accompanied every venturesome movement of the climber.

When the fog passed away she saw him again. He had reached

a green ledge where grew samphire. She wondered what he was about. She could see that he was shaking the cord. This was passed over projecting ribs of rock overhead. Clearly at last she made out that he needed more of the rope to be let out. He was on a terrace that ran in under arches of rock, and there doubtless nests abounded.

But the line was entangled by the rock over which it passed, and so strained that no amount of shaking would communicate a signal to those above.

Winefred could see Jack, his feet at the edge, looking up, shaking the cord, then desisting, then striving to disengage it, so that the vibration might be continuous, but all his efforts were ineffectual.

Should she ascend to those aloft, by the thorn tree? It would take her twenty minutes to reach them, and by that time Jack's object in signalling would be gained or abandoned.

She saw him stand motionless, considering what his course should be. Then she saw him release himself from the rope and fix the crosspole upon which he had been seated and fasten it between two horns of chalk.

At that moment down rushed something that turned and whirled through the air. It was the roller over which the rope had passed. With the relaxation of the strain, it had shot over the brink. With the fall of the roller the cord had become loosened, and, to her horror, Winefred saw the end with the crosspole dangling free at a distance of several feet from the shelf on which stood the climber.

The fall of the roller had disengaged the crosspole.

She knew at once that he was a prisoner fast in the face of the terrible precipice, with fifty feet of impending crag above, and nearly four hundred of sheer drop below.

With a cry of dismay she cast herself on the pebbles.

Then a hand was laid on her shoulder, and she was shaken, and she heard her mother's voice, agitated with feeling:

"Winefred this is too much! After that I have robbed him, are you about to kill him?"

"Mother!" She started to her knees. "Mother!"

"On me only is the guilt of the robbery, on you—that of his death."

"Mother!"

In a tempest of conflicting feelings—fear for Jack, horror at what had been revealed, she gasped—"You say that, mother!"

Jane Marley shrank back.

But Winefred could not even now withdraw eyes and mind, save for one staggering moment, from the swaying rope and the green shelf.

She saw Jack issue from the depths of the cave, come to the verge, and look at the pole. It was beyond his reach.

Then he tried the side of the rock to which he had adhered as he worked his way forward to the cave. Apparently that way could not be retraced. He attempted it, but retreated, failed.

Then again he stood on the turf, measuring his distance.

There was but one way of escape possible to him, and that was to reach the rope and pendent pole.

He drew back.

A piercing shriek burst from the lips of Winefred, as, next moment, she saw him leap—leap towards the suspended crosspole.

And in that shriek her consciousness went. She fell forward as a log upon the pebbles, and passed out of knowledge whether his young arms and accurate eye had saved him, or whether he had missed and had fallen headlong, or whether, again, he had succeeded in catching, clinging for a moment, but had been unable to maintain himself swaying as a pendulum in mid-air.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A REVELATION

THE lapse into unconsciousness was but momentary—it was like the shock produced by a crash of thunder attended with a blinding blaze of the electric fluid—that stuns for an instant.

Winefred recovered rapidly, and staggered to her feet.

"He is safe," said Jane Marley.

The girl waved her mother back, and started for the path that conducted to the summit.

But she had not mounted half way before her powers failed her. The strain on her nerves had been too great, the horror of being responsible for the life or death of the young man had so shaken her that limbs and breath failed, and she sank on a bank of red earth near where a spring oozed forth and trickled to the beach.

Then she covered her face with her hands and panted. The drops ran off her brow, the tears from her eyes. What if he had missed the swaying pole and had fallen, and been now lying at the bottom a mass of broken bone! Would not the guilt of having urged him to his death lie on her? The coroner's jury might not find her guilty, but her own conscience would condemn her. She had asked him to go after the choughs, had taunted him till he could do no other than keep his promise; when he had provided companions and rope, he could not retreat, even when she begged him, at the last moment, to desist. And now, like a dash of poisonous exhalation, rose the thought that he had been robbed by her mother. In the supreme moment of alarm, the mother had let slip the truth.

She could not think out all that suggested itself to her mind, could not resolve what to do.

One only desire filled her mind: "That I were dead! Oh, that I were dead!"

Then she thrilled through every nerve, as she heard a voice say: "Here they are."

Before her stood Jack with a little wickerwork cage in his hand, and in it two choughs.

She saw them not, nor the cage, only Jack. She sprang to her feet with a cry, and in a moment was in his arms, and the cage and birds had fallen.

Not a word was spoken.

Jack held the girl to his heart and felt how she shivered as with an ague, that she could not utter a word, could only sob as though her heart were broken.

In a German tale a monk who doubted about immortality listened to the song of a bird, entranced, and when roused found that a hundred years had passed as a watch in the night.

It was the reverse with Winefred. As the song—the new strange song of love—it moment were expanded into a hundred days.

With a flash that filled her at once with came the revelation that she loved Jack, and with a suddenness towards him had been due to mis- her own feelings. Throughout she had known it, and had resisted; misunderstood his heart had given to them a reverse bias.

"So," said he, "we have found each other." "Oh, God forgive me! God in his mercy," she sobbed. "Oh, the anguish that I have had perished, been dashed to pieces, I would as well."

His breast swelled. He looked around him. His life had drifted away. Whether they were that gone they were. The sun shone from out of a blue morning sky full of happy resting in his arms, too humbled to in every limb, fluttering in every nerve.

The conflict of emotions was almost unendurable. After awhile she drew herself back, and with hands stained cheeks, she said: "Jack, can you give me?"

He caught her to him again.

When one has endured a spasm of every thing is possible, to rest, breathe, and may be merely to undergo another throes.

So she rested in his arms, panting, rapt, and yet with the prospect before her of renewed pain.

"Jack," she sobbed, "I have spoken cruel words to you."

He kissed her.

"And I might have caused your death."

"I forget everything now. I would do more. I would do anything for you."

"I could die now you have forgiven me," said she, disengaging herself and sinking on a bank of turf.

"No, Winefred," he said, "this is not a moment in which to speak of death, but rather of life—aye, and of two lives flowing into one."

She shook her head.

"I can never forgive myself."

"See, Winefred, I have had bitter thoughts of you, but they have all passed away like the morning mist. We were both entangled in a fog of misunderstandings. Now the sun is out and shines on both our heads and down into both our hearts, and all within as without is light."

But again she expressed dissent. It was not light in her heart. In its depths lay the hateful thought of her mother's wrong-doing.

"Do not concern yourself about the matter of the choughs," said he, misunderstanding her, "I went over the cliff of my own accord. I was glad of the excuse. Ever since I have broken with the smugglers I have had trouble with the young fellows of Beer. They have sneered at me as wanting in pluck. They could not account otherwise for my withdrawal. So I was glad to catch at a chance of showing that I still had a cool head and a stout heart. It was nothing in itself, but it served me a purpose. Winefred, it was you yourself who advised me to have done with smuggling. I have kept my word to you, but it has involved me in unpleasantness, and I am thankful to you for having given me the occasion for doing something which may possibly help to set me right in public opinion at Beer."

She shuddered.

"O God, have mercy on me!" she said, with a new outburst of compunction. "I did it in malice, because I thought that I hated you."

"Winefred, but for this we should not have met now. I should have gone on thinking that you hated me."

"And I—I quite believed that I did hate you."

"Now you know better. But for these choughs you would have been believing the same now and ever after."

Then, after a long pause, he said, "We must do something to forgive and much to unlearn. I, at one time, wrongly did suppose that your mother had stolen my inheritance."

She uttered a cry and shrank from him.

"But only for a short while," he continued, "I was injured by you. I was convinced that neither she nor you were of your entire innocence. Some folks have gone so far as to say that your mother has employed my father's savings to go to Bath, but I have spoken strongly against that."

He was startled by the expression of her face, and despair that were in it.

She looked at him with blank eyes, and he had deserted her face, even her lips. As he took hers, she drew back with a shiver.

"Winefred! what is the matter? I tell you no more. Why are you frightened? Why thus?"

"Do not ask me," she answered, "I have laid her face in her hands."

"I will ask no questions at all," he said, "that I have your love. I forget all the past wrongs. Be but yourself again. I love you as that be our one thought now."

She wrung her hands despairingly, looking like face. Her lips moved, but no words came.

"I love you—I love you," she said, and pause. "But that is all. In the bright day are two wretched creatures. We must not be can never, never belong to each other."

"But why not?" he asked.

"You have promised me not to inquire."

He looked steadily into her face, and a like into his mind. His breath came slow and formed before his eyes. Was that it—that which longer here, and I must know the meaning of this."

Then, in a subdued voice, he said, "Which longer here, and I must know the meaning of this."

"We cannot remain, and you will not ask."

"I hear steps. Someone is coming. We must be better for both if we part here, and for each."

(To be continued.)



“Place aux Dames”

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Queen always does the right thing. One secret of her great popularity and the honest affection her people feel for her, lies in her exhibition of tact and womanly sympathy. In the case of the late war, for instance, the numerous messages she has sent to her soldiers, the honours conferred on Sir W. Penn Symonds and Lord Egerton, the kind letters to Lady Symonds and Lady White, and now the cordial good wishes and the inspection bestowed on the household troops, an inspection undertaken after a long night of anxiety, all these items make up a formidable whole of delicate thoughtfulness and deep consideration. I doubt whether the best King possible would possess the far-reaching instincts of our Queen. In tact and sympathy is surely the highest quality of a Statesman. Considerateness for others is too much neglected in a Queen. And yet it contains the germs of the highest modern social progress, and in this, as in many other qualities, the small details make up the great whole.

One feature of dress strikes me powerfully nowadays, and that is the popularity and prevalence of furs. Not all the abuse lavished on those that wear fur and feathers, and the cruelty attributed to the seal hunters, has sufficed to diminish the sale of fur one jot. Caracul, ermine, lamb, white fox and sealskin, hold their own splendidly with the regal sable and mink, and the more delicate chinchilla. That wealthy people should envelop themselves in rich and luscious furs, that their dresses should be trimmed with sable, their nutcracker heads of the same, and their bridal cloaks lined with it, is natural and seemly, but the craze of the lower classes for cheap furs and imitation peltry strikes a new note in fashion. Mole-skins, rabbit-skins, and squirrel are real furs, and though cheap, in their own line pretty and useful, but what shall we say of the electric seal, the sham mink, the artificial sable and ermine? These furs suit handsome dress, and people in a good position of life who can afford carriages and horses. But their imitations look paltry and out of place on the maid-of-all-work and the shopgirl who

consists in the collecting of “wroth silver” on the Duke of Buccleuch’s estate, on November 11, at break of day. The Duke has rights over the common lands of a number of parishes, and the dues amounting to twopence and threepence are paid on this day. The agent stands in a field beside a cross where the tribute is paid, and reads from a document the amount each parish is liable for. Every coin received is thrown into a trough and afterwards carefully counted by the agent and duly entered in the Duke’s account books. Then, by invitation of their landlord, the assembled people adjourn to breakfast at the neighbouring inn, where a numerous company drink the Duke’s health in hot rum and milk.

Ladies sending out pipes and tobacco for the soldiers’ use should choose curved pipes, which are preferable to the straight-stemmed ones when riding. Any sudden jolt may send the straight pipe violently down a man’s throat, and all men love to smoke when on horseback.

Music

“FLORODORA” AT THE LYRIC

“FLORODORA,” by Mr. “Owen Hall,” composer of *The Geisha*, and Mr. “Leslie Stuart,” formerly well known under his own name of T. A. Barrett, which was produced at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday, promises to have a successful career, for the scenes in the Philippine Island and in Wales give opportunities for the display of charming and, in some cases, very handsome dresses, the stage picture is always admirable, and the cast, which includes Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Evie Greene, and Miss Ada Reeve, is beyond question a strong one. Among the best of the serious numbers are the song for Miss Greene in the first act, and a baritone song for Mr. Stewart at the close of the same act. But the more comic numbers, with their satirical hits at supposed “society,” seem to please the audience best, particularly the capital whistling song for Miss Kate Cutler, and the song concerning “Tact”—a ball costume is described as being mainly composed of “Diamonds and Tact, Tact, Tact,”—which appears to have been written for the Variety Halls, and another comic song with the refrain of “The Husband who did, did, did.”

Our Portraits

MR. J. JEWITT, the well-known trainer, who has just died at Newmarket, had been associated with racing stables all his life. He commenced in the service of the late Charles Blanton, who trained for the late Duke of Hamilton, Prince Soltykoff, and others, and he rapidly rose high in the ranks of his profession. Among Jewitt’s patrons during his career as a trainer were Captain Machell, Mr. Harry McCalmont, General Owen Williams, Mr. J. B. Leigh, Mr. C. J. Blake, Mr. W. Delarue, and Don Juan Bocan. One of the greatest horses ever trained by Jewitt was Mr. McCalmont’s Isinglass, who placed to his owner’s credit no less a sum than 54,935*l*. Our portrait is by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

The Right Hon. Jacob Bright, brother of John Bright, whose death has occurred at the age of seventy-eight, was a Privy Councillor, and a member of the House of Commons until 1895. Since that date he had been living in retirement. Mr. Jacob Bright was born at Rochdale, and was its first mayor. He was a strenuous peace advocate and a strong supporter of the women suffrage movement. He was first elected a member of Parliament for Manchester in 1867, and remained in Parliament, with some intermissions, till 1895. Brought up a member of the Society of Friends, he afterwards became a Unitarian. He was chairman of the Linotype Company and a director of the Manchester Ship Canal. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Thomas Haines Wickes, whose death is just reported after a severe operation, at one time held the Government appointment of Chief Engineer in the North-West Provinces of India. He was also engineer at the Lake Copais Works, Boeotia, Greece, in which latter capacity he at one time rendered valuable assistance to a representative of *The Graphic*. Our portrait is by Johnston and Hoffmann, Calcutta.

The Right Hon. John Blair Balfour, Q.C., who has been appointed Lord President of the Court of Session, received his education at the Edinburgh Academy and the Edinburgh University. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1861, was appointed Solicitor-General of Scotland in 1880, and held the office of Lord Advocate of Scotland in the Liberal Administration of 1881-85, 1886, and



THE LATE MR. T. H. WICKES  
Late Chief Engineer in N.W.P., India



THE RIGHT HON. J. B. BALFOUR  
The new Lord Justice General of Scotland



THE LATE MR. O. MERGENTHALER  
Inventor of the Linotype



THE LATE MR. J. JEWITT  
The well known Horse Trainer



THE LATE MR. JACOB BRIGHT  
Formerly M.P. for Manchester

now add furs to their tawdry wardrobe. Only yesterday I noticed a housemaid scrubbing the doorsteps clad in a cotton dress and a fur loa. Coarseness and bad taste go further?

Card-playing seems to be resuming its old place in the affections of ladies. At the beginning of the century the whist or cribbage table was the usual accompaniment of an evening at home. Old ladies made up their card parties in the country with the help of the doctor or the lawyer, played penny points and revoked cheerfully at regular intervals. Then card playing dropped out of fashion, the people thought it tiresome, and only the family round games of the children at Christmas was indulged in under protest. Now women have taken to cards again. But not in modest, homely fashion, but in the spirit of the gambler. Whist, under its new appellation of bridge or poker, the brazen American game, where to bluff is to win, and the honours go to the greatest effort, are the fashionable pastimes. The winter season lends itself to games of cards; the short afternoons, the long evening, the fire, the snug, cosy rooms “the clean hearth, the green table all tend to enjoyment. Money seems pleasant to many a lady thinks nothing of losing or winning. Will the old days return, the rage for the ladies and gentlemen, the fortunes won and lost, the sharpening and wastefulness that were its accompaniments? A woman is at heart a gambler, as truly as she is a rake, and once the passion seizes on its votaries the tyrant, whose demands must invariably be satisfied.

The belief in superstition will find fresh confirmation of their faith in a story related in Sir John Millais’s life. This sets forth that at a dinner party, where thirteen guests were present, including Matthew Arnold, the latter treated the matter jocosely, and to reassure the guests said, “We will cheat the fates for once. We three fine specimens will all rise together, and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assaults of the Reaper.” Alas! the next day was disastrous. Within six months Matthew Arnold himself, who boasted of his constitution, died suddenly of a suspected heart disease, one young man was drowned in India, and the other was dead in his bed, with a revolver by his side. Fortunately the other eleven of thirteen do not have such sad results.

A quaint old superstition is still adhered to in Warwickshire, which

Upon the never flagging efforts of the three principal ladies, the singing of Mr. Stewart, and the whimsicalities as a travelling phrenologist of Mr. Willie Edouin, the piece, indeed, at present chiefly relies for its popularity. Mr. Edouin, who plays the part of a Mountebank, called in by the millionaire owner of the Philippine Island of Florodora to humbug two young ladies into matrimony, is, in fact, a very humorous personage indeed, although some of his comedy business, such as the eating of a number of tails, the last of them paper and all, is more or less pantomimic. The story is, at any rate as to the first act, a little more sensible than is usual in after-dinner entertainments, and it deals with the rather too obvious villainy of a millionaire, who has stolen the island, and presumably the secret of the scent extracted from one of the flowers, from the father of a workgirl named Dolores. In order to avert the consequences when his secret is discovered, he seeks to marry Dolores, and also to pair his own daughter by his first marriage off with his overseer, a young Welshman, who, although himself quite ignorant of the fact, has just inherited a peerage. As Dolores prefers the overseer, and as the millionaire’s daughter has entered upon a love affair of her own with a young Guardsman, his little plot is defeated.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN’S “ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR”

It was an enthusiastic and intensely patriotic audience which gathered at the Alhambra on Monday night to hear the first performance, under the composer himself, of Sir Arthur Sullivan’s setting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s “The Absent-minded Beggar.” Sir Arthur, who usually expects, on the Royalty system, to make at least a couple of thousand pounds over a new song, agreed to compose “The Absent-minded Beggar” for 100*l*., which, with his fee of 50*l*. for conducting at the Alhambra on Monday, he handed to the Widow and Orphan War Fund. This is probably the smallest sum he has been paid for a song since he was a very young man indeed.

THE OPENING OF THE POPULAR CONCERTS

The Saturday Popular Concerts started last Saturday, when the programme was devoted to familiar works rendered by a quartet party led by Mr. Kruse. The best performance was that of Brahms’s Quartet in C Minor, Op. 51, No. 1, but Miss Adela Verne gave a capital rendering of Beethoven’s Variations in C Minor, with, for an encore, Schumann’s “Vogel Als Prophet.”

1892-95. He has represented Clackmannan and Kinross in the House of Commons since 1880. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The late Mr. Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the Linotype composing machine, was a watchmaker of Wurtemberg, and a man of great powers of mechanical invention. For many years he was employed by an association of practical printers and long-sighted capitalists to work at the solution of the old problem of superseding hand composition by machinery. Experiment after experiment was made and the result rejected, until at last, after innumerable patents had been purchased and countless mechanical devices tried in every possible combination, the Linotype machine was evolved. It must always be remembered, though, that the Linotype is not so much the specific and solitary invention of one man as an evolution from hundreds of ideas and patents. Our portrait is by Bachrach.

The Derby Cup

THE Derby Cup, which was to be run for yesterday (Friday) is of silver, richly gilt, and is of massive proportions, weighing over 400 ounces, and standing 23 inches high, exclusive of its pedestal. Its chief decorative features are a finely executed frieze of grapes and vine leaves in high relief and its beautifully modelled Cornucopia branches. It was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., 22, Regent Street, London.





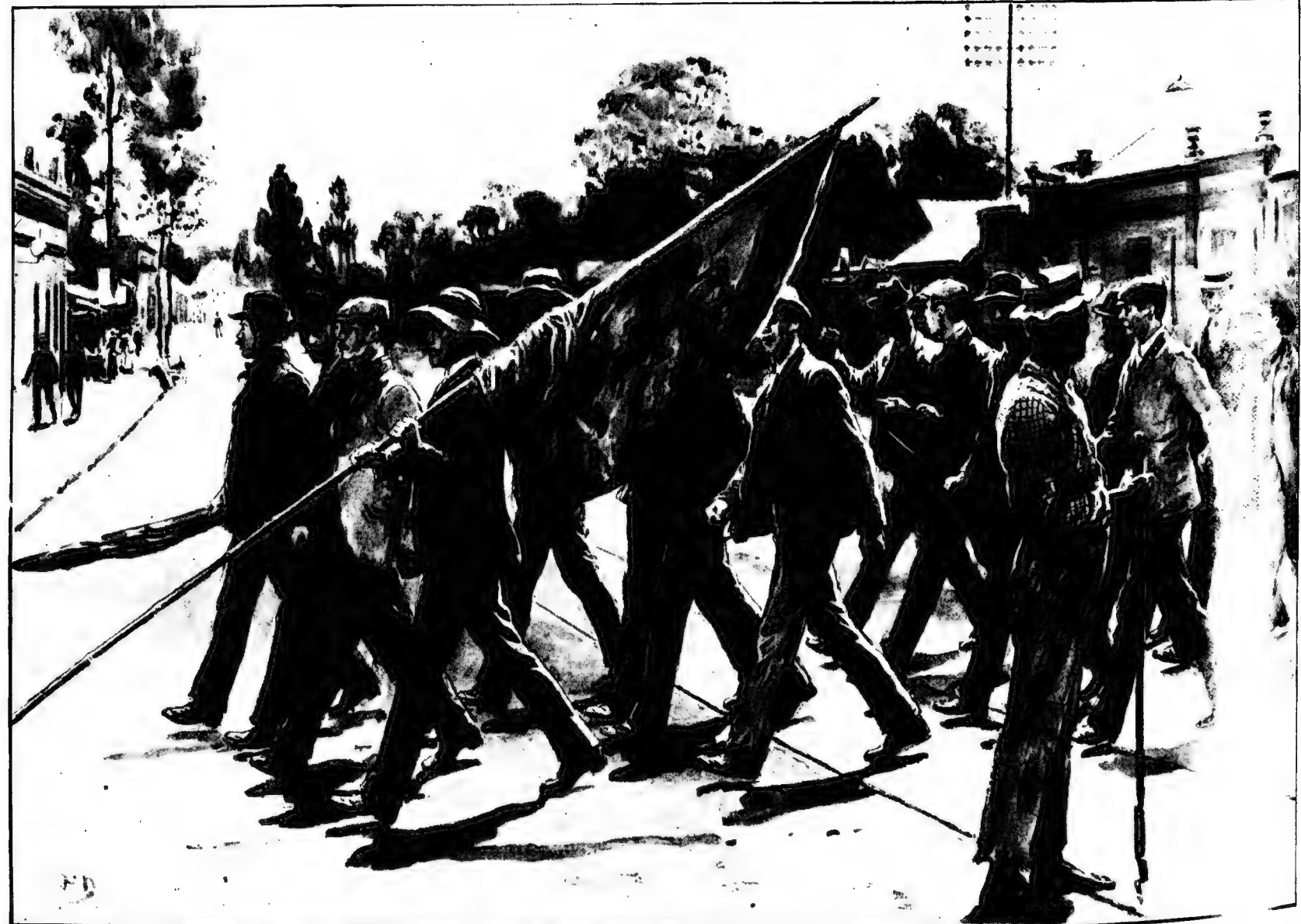
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT GELL, N. W. CASTLE

The Newcastle Rifle Association, with the consent and approval of the Natal Government, called for Volunteers to defend the town from a possible Boer attack. Three hundred Volunteers were at once enrolled, each man given a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition. A laager was built of sandbags in Scott Street to put the women and children in. Four earthworks were thrown up round the town, and every preparation made to resist the Boers should they try to invade the town. The President of the Association then asked the

Government for instructions as to when he should call the Volunteers out, and receiving a reply advising the Association not to offer any resistance, but to lay down their arms, demolish their laager and earthworks, and leave the town, as it was considered unsafe. The photograph is by Robert Gell, of Newcastle, and was taken two hours after the town's meeting had decided to accept the Government's advice.

THE EVACUATION OF NEWCASTLE: THE INHABITANTS DISMANTLING THE LAAGER THEY HAD BUILT BEFORE LEAVING



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

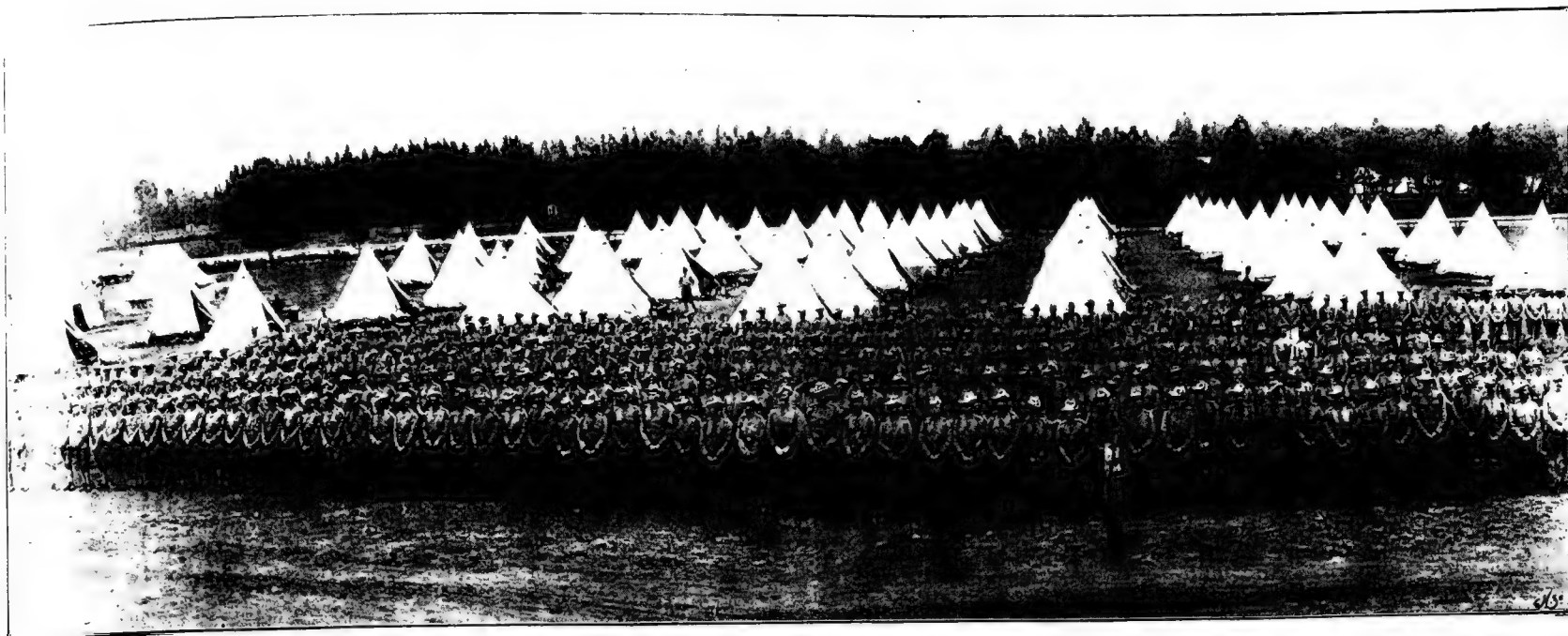
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL

The men of the Irish—American Irish mainly—Brigade who left Johannesburg on the outbreak of the war to fight the British, are described as "some of the worst sweepings of Johannesburg" and as "all loafers." They were about 120 strong, and were led by an American adventurer called "Colonel" Blake. Their avowed object was lost, and probably that is all they would be any good for. The Boers themselves had the poorest

opinion of them, and were very anxious to keep them out of the way to prevent their disgraceful. When they left Johannesburg no rifles or cartridge belts had been served out to them. Their flag bears the motto, "Remember Michelstown!"

"TRAITORS!": THE IRISH BRIGADE SERVING WITH THE BOERS





A SMART CORPS OF IRREGULARS: THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE PARADED AT THEIR CAMP AT PIETERMARITZBURG

## Irregular Horse in South Africa

WHEN the dispute with the Transvaal reached an acute stage and war seemed inevitable, Mr. Wools Sampson and Mr. "Kart" Davies determined to enrol a corps of light horse from the Johannesburgers. The idea was caught up, and the late Colonel John James Scott Chisholme, late in command of the 5th Lancers, was appointed last August to form the regiment. Colonel Scott Chisholme was a man who had seen plenty of active service, and was thoroughly experienced in everything that concerned soldiering in South Africa. The men for this corps were selected with the greatest care, and every man in it has been a resident for years in the Transvaal. The tests employed in the choice of the troopers after medical examination were similar to those employed in the selection of the Guides in India. Knowledge of the country was essential. The result of Colonel Chisholme's work has been that in the Imperial Light Horse we

have a corps eminently fitted for scouting. The regiment has been described as the smartest body of irregular horse ever seen in South Africa. Though composed entirely of colonials, the regiment is not in one sense a Colonial Corps, for it was equipped and is paid by the Imperial Government. The regiment has been doing yeoman service with Sir George White's force. At the battle of Flands Laagte it had the great misfortune to lose its gallant commander. Colonel Scott Chisholme, who took the greatest pride in his fine corps, was in the act of waving on his men when he was hit. Nine officers of the regiment were wounded, and it lost besides six troopers killed, thirty-five wounded, and one missing. It should be mentioned that Messrs. Sampson and Davies are majors in the corps. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg, shows the regiment paraded at their camp at Pietermaritzburg, and when it is added that the photograph was taken only seven days after the Corps was enrolled, the question arises how it is possible for a commander to make his men so smart in that time. But at the same time it must be remembered that the material

that Colonel Chisholme had to work upon was remarkably good.

Another corps, very similar to the Imperial Light Horse, is that raised by Colonel Herbert Charles Onslow Plumer at Bulawayo. This is a mounted Infantry regiment. Colonel Plumer has with him a capable and experienced staff of officers. Some weeks ago four officers were selected for service with the regiment, and they have probably arrived by this time. They were—Lieutenant C. H. Rankin, of the 7th Hussars, who served in the South African operations of 1896; Lieutenant S. G. French, of the Royal Irish Regiment, who, with the mounted infantry, took part in the same operations, and was wounded; Lieutenant O. D. Blunt, of the Connaught Rangers, who served with the Dongola Expedition of 1896; and Lieutenant A. J. Tyler, of the West Riding Regiment. Colonel Plumer himself is an old campaigner in South Africa. Colonel Plumer's corps has been until lately defending the frontier to the north of the Transvaal at Tuli, and now it is on its way to Mafeking to join Colonel Baden-Powell's gallant little garrison.



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

DESK. BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

COLONEL PLUMER'S REGIMENT OF IRREGULAR HORSE: SOME OF THE OFFICERS IN CAMP



CAPTAIN THE HON. D. H. MARSHAM  
Killed at Mafeking



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. KEITH-FALCONER  
Killed in the skirmish at Belmont



LIEUTENANT A. E. BRABANT  
Killed at Grobler's Kloof Hill



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. A. KERR PECHELL  
Killed at Mafeking

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

So defective still continues to be our means of communication with the seat of war that the chronicle thereof for the present must take the form, not so much of what has happened, as of what has transpired within the week. Still the news to hand from all parts of the theatre of hostilities, meagre though it may be, is enough to show that our Britons are acting up to the Tennysonian exhortation, and everywhere "holding their own." Well, no, not exactly that, for on November 2, in the Tuli region on the Limpopo, Major (or Captain) Spreckley, of Colonel Plumer's Horse, lost a small convoy which had been entrusted to him together with six of his men—who were reported "missing," that is to say—either killed or taken prisoners. It almost looks from this and other incidents that our officers still continue wedded to their old, old weakness of underrating and despising the enemy, and that we are waging war—as the Americans did in 1862—as if we had had no experience of it for more than half a century. On the other hand we hear that the Boers, with the exception of one of their commandos, at Pont Drift on the Limpopo, are all streaming southwards in consequence of the increased pressure on their compatriots towards the east and southwest, while at the same time Colonel Plumer was reported to be well on his way to Mafeking with intent to relieve that place, to which the rail way from Bulawayo was open as far as Gaberones, a hundred miles to the north.

But, indeed, Mafeking does not seem to be very much in want of relief, considering that its valorous commander, Baden-Powell, not only continues to defy all bombardments and repulse all assaults, but also to deliver damaging and demoralising counter-strokes on his besiegers. Our latest news from Mafeking only brings up the chronicle of the siege to the end of last month, when all was well. But then there had been a very bustling time of it. "On the night of the 24th," wrote Baden-Powell, "we made a successful attack on enemy's advanced trenches, getting in with the bayonet," though with a loss of six killed (Protectorate Regiment) and nine wounded—the latter including Captain Fitzclarence, a son of the Earl of Munster. "General Cronje," said a Boer telegram from Pretoria, "reports that the British garrison in

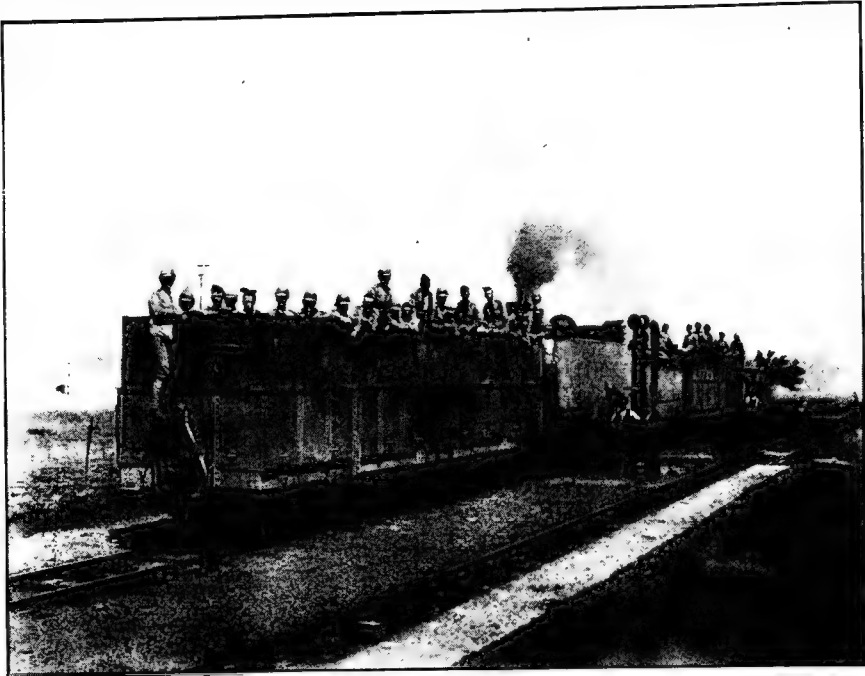
Mafeking delivered a bayonet attack on Commandant Louw's laager, near the Grand Stand, and were repulsed"—which may be taken as a fine example of the invariable discrepancy in their accounts of the same action by belligerents. But as the Boers vacated Sand Hill, the objective of the attack, it is hard to see how they could have reported the affair as a British "repulse." Five days later Baden-Powell again reported "all well"—"enemy apparently shy of attacking, now closing to invest

Hon. Douglas H. Marsham, third son of the Earl of Romney, and Captain Charles A. Kerr Pechell, son of Admiral Pechell, whose brother was killed at Glencoe.

Encouraged by the noble example set them by Mafeking, the holders of Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, have been giving an equally good account of themselves. On the strength of considerable reinforcements—whose baggage train consisted of 150 waggons—the Boers have been endeavouring to bomb the Diamond

Capital, after the usual vain demand for surrender on the part of another Cronje, for there would appear to be two of this name in the field, as there were also once two Richmonds. For some days the Boers confined themselves to the pastime of raiding cattle and ravaging the neighbourhood, not altogether undisturbed by sporadic sallies from the garrison; but on or about the 7th inst. they briskly buckled to, and began to bombard the place, the broad outstanding result being that the Boer shells, which are described as of "very inferior quality, seemingly fired by amateurs," 10th on 7th and 8th inst., occasioned no casualties, and only "just missed the Dutch church," while one of them, more fortunate than its fellow projectiles, succeeded in smashing a cooking-pot—a companion catastrophe to the dog that was killed at Mafeking. "The broken pieces (of the pot, not the dog) were sold by auction, and there was a brisk market for them, choice specimens fetching as much as 2s."

That the Boers are as determined to capture Kimberley—and with it the cause of all their woes, Mr. Cecil Rhodes—as Wallenstein was resolved to take Stralsund, would seem to be proved, among other things, by the fact that they have posted a strong covering force to the south so as to cope with all attempts on our part to relieve the City of Diamonds. It was an endeavour of ours to reconnoitre the ground in the direction of this force on the 10th inst. which resulted in the death of one very distinguished and promising officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer—a member of the Scottish family which now represents that of Marshal Keith, Frederick the Great's foremost general, who fell at Hochkirch—and of Lieutenant Wood, a grand-on of Jefferson Davis, the chief of the Confederate States in America. The reconnaissance, which was conducted by Colonel Gough, military secretary to Lord Wolseley, was carried out by a squadron of fifteen miles north of the Orange River, by a squadron of Lancers, a field battery, and one and a half companies mounted infantry, mainly drawn from Northumberland Fusiliers; and in trying to outflank the Boer left the latter drew a heavy and unexpected fire from a few skirmishers" with the result that two



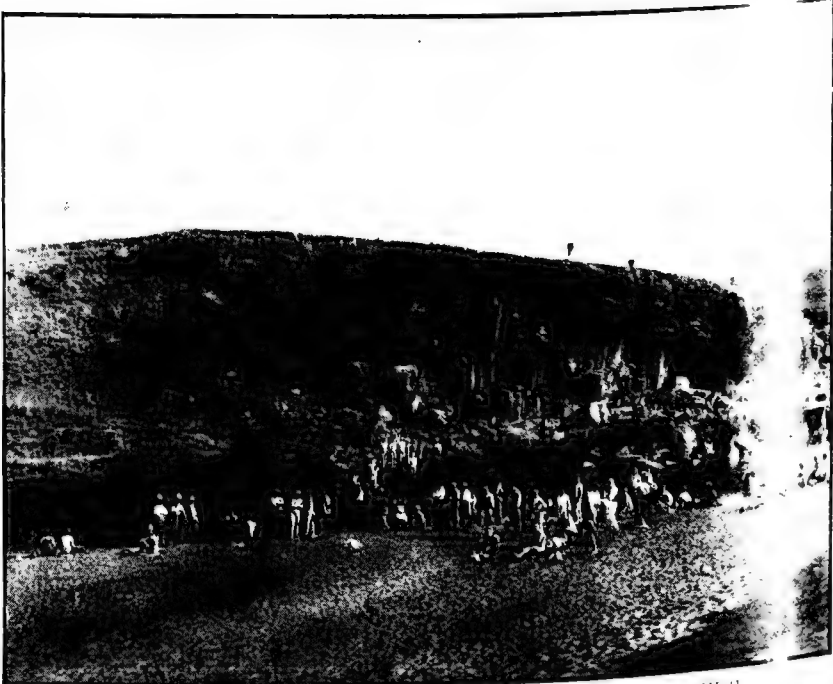
THE 1ST BATTALION (KING'S) LIVERPOOL REGIMENT GOING INTO ACTION

us. They are destroying railway with dynamite two miles to north." Meanwhile, said a correspondent at Mafeking, "the siege is degenerating into a farce, the people shouting on the house-tops, 'Ware shells!' Rabbit holes have been sunk in the town, in which the men dive when the smoke of the big gun is seen, bobbling up serenely a minute later." On October 31, the Boers again attempted an assault of the Cannon Kopje, the key of our defensive position, attacking "most gallantly," in spite of our shell and Maxim fire, but were ultimately repulsed with heavy loss, while ours was five killed and five wounded—the former including Captain

of Marshal Keith, Frederick the Great's foremost general, who fell at Hochkirch—and of Lieutenant Wood, a grand-on of Jefferson Davis, the chief of the Confederate States in America. The reconnaissance, which was conducted by Colonel Gough, military secretary to Lord Wolseley, was carried out by a squadron of fifteen miles north of the Orange River, by a squadron of Lancers, a field battery, and one and a half companies mounted infantry, mainly drawn from Northumberland Fusiliers; and in trying to outflank the Boer left the latter drew a heavy and unexpected fire from a few skirmishers" with the result that two



THE ROYAL HOTEL



THE 2ND BATTALION DUBLIN FUSILIERS BATHING AFTER A SKIRMISH

LADYSMITH, WHERE SIR GEORGE WHITE IS GALLANTLY HOLDING HIS OWN

From Photographs by H. Kisch, Ladysmith





In the distance can be seen Fort Wyl'e on the hill. Colenso has been evacuated, the garrison retreating to Estcourt (some ten or twelve miles south), where they have made a good defence. Our photograph is by H. Kisch, Lady'smith.

THE VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP AT COLENZO

officers were killed and four wounded, including two other officers. The sad part of the whole business is that our officers continue to be consequently taken in, by Boer flags of truce. This is a consensus of statement, alike from commanders and from correspondents, that the Boers have been abusing the sacredness of the white flag in the most treacherous and outrageous manner. The Gordon Highlanders—who fought so grandly at Flanders—say that Colonel Schiel is now ready to doff his hat when he meets one of the "men-women"—complain bitterly that their exceptional losses were entirely due to the Boer abuse of the white flag; while the General commanding at Ladysmith also quotes a specific case in which a party carrying a sacred symbol of this kind was fired upon by Boer guns. How painfully punctilious, on the other hand, we ourselves are with the observances of civilised warfare may be inferred from the fact that when—according to the statement of Father Matthews, Chaplain to the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was taken prisoner at Nicholson's Nek, with the two battalions that capitulated there, and then released—some "subordinate" in the Gloucesters hoisted the white flag on his own account, thus inducing the Boers to advance. This action was not undone on its terrible consequences being realised, for once a white flag is up it must remain up on penalty of its lowering, and resumption of the fight, being ascribed to treacherous motives.

As to events at Ladysmith after this we have not had very much news. That the investment of this place is not nearly so close as was the German investment of Paris is proved by the fact that not only have despatch runners come out, but also that an English cavalry officer, guarded by a Natal policeman, has managed to go in from Estcourt, which is now, by the way, in heliographic communication with Sir G. White. General French was one of the last to get out of Ladysmith, and his departure to command the cavalry in Cape Colony is a proof of Sir G. White's confidence in his ability to hold the place, without the aid of such a capable officer, until he is relieved by the reinforcements which are now swiftly massing at Durban—reinforcements that include a fine Naval Brigade with big guns which landed the other day from H.M.S. *Terrible* amid a scene of great popular enthusiasm. Although one correspondent says that the Ladysmith loaf has now gone up to three shillings, General White continues to describe his stock of provisions as "ample." Kaffir stories as to the situation at Ladysmith continue to be conveyed to us, but these are utterly untrustworthy, as the native has a tendency to tell us what he thinks we want to believe. What we do know for certain is that an armoured train, with two companies of Dublin Fusiliers on board, left Estcourt last Sunday, routed a body of Boers near Colenso, and entering Fort Wyl'e, took back with them four waggon loads of shell, provisions and stores. The wounded and some of the civil population of Ladysmith, by arrangement between Joubert and White, have been removed four miles down the railway to save them from the risks of the bombardment, which seems to have been going on in a fitful kind of way all the week, but doing no damage of a serious kind.

On the other hand, another large contingent of our wounded—fifteen officers and 200 men—all doing well, has been sent round from Durban to the Wynberg hospital at Cape Town, much in the same way as our wounded in the Crimea were brought down to enjoy the tender ministrations of Florence Nightingale and her sisters. And mercy at Scutari, opposite Stambul.

But before this it is to be feared, we shall have more wounded on our hands than has now been consigned to the Wynberg hospital, seeing that preparations are being rapidly pushed forward for the relief of Ladysmith, which is not likely to be effected without considerable slaughter. Our transports are now reaching Cape Town in rapid succession, and before the end of next week our Army Corps, complete in all its parts, will be on South African soil—with more to be added if need be, in the shape of another Division, or, perhaps, under Sir Charles Warren, of Bechuanaland, which is now being mobilised, together with a train of heavy guns manned by thirty-two officers and 1,104 men. If to all these regular forces we add the colonial troops and local levies, including the new regiment of "South African Light Horse," now being raised in Cape Colony by Captain Hyde Villiers of the Horse Guards, we shall have a total of Sir Redvers Buller's command, with which he is to cross the Drakensberg and the Orange River for the conquest of South Africa, falling not very far short of the 90,000 foot and 12,000 horse with which Hannibal set out from Spain to cross the Alps for the conquest of Italy.

**DEATH OF COLONEL CREIL KEITH-FALCONER, D.S.O.,** a captain in the Northumberland Fusiliers, who was killed when leading the 1st Battalion in a combined cavalry and infantry reconnaissance at Belmont, on the Orange River, on Friday, the 10th inst., was the eldest son of the late Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer, late of the 2nd Life Guards, son of the late and brother of the present Lord Alford. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer was born in 1862, and passed first into the Army at the Militia competitive examination in September, 1882. He rapidly proved himself such an efficient officer that most of his time in the Army was spent



This photograph was taken at "Government House," Pietermaritzburg, by Mr. Poulton Bigelow. The Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, is on the right with his hand up. Leaning against the tree is his A.D.C., while in the foreground are three Zulu servants bearing the letters G. H. (Government House) on their uniforms. The Boers having issued a Proclamation annexing the upper Tugela district, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson last week issued a Counter Proclamation declaring that of the Boer Government to be null and void.

THE GOVERNOR OF NATAL AND HIS A.D.C.



This fine young lion was born at Groot Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's well-known estate near Cape Town. Being coveted by a gentleman from Pretoria, one of the delegates of a certain association meeting at the Cape, the animal was generously presented to him for the Pretoria Zoological Gardens by Mr. Rhodes. The authorities up there, however, looked askance at the transaction, and, presumably, on instructions from President Kruger, the lion was returned to Cape Town, without thanks. The animal was chained up in a yard at the rear of Mr. Rhodes's house, and it was no easy matter taking his portrait, as he declined to lie in the sun, and had to be played with with a broom, like a kitten, before he would budge. Once the photographer (William Kennedy) got at too close quarters, and was very near getting a mauling instead of a portrait. The lion is to be sent to London, and in a few weeks time it will, if all goes well, be in the Zoological Gardens.

A GIFT RETURNED WITHOUT THANKS

in Staff employment. In 1892 he passed first into the Staff College. His value as a staff officer was promptly recognised by Lord Kitchener, and in all the recent campaigns on the Nile Colonel Keith-Falconer was one of his most trusted officers. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and twice promoted for service in the field. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Captain the Hon. Douglas Henry Marsham, who was killed in the defence of Mafeking during the Boer attack of October 31, was the third son of the Earl of Romney. He was born in 1871, and belonged to the 4th Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment. For some time he had served in the Bechuanaland Border Police. Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

Lieutenant Arthur Edward Brabant, who was killed in the fighting near Ladysmith, was thirty-four years old. He was engaged as a mining contractor at Johannesburg for some years, and on the outbreak of the present year was among the first to volunteer for the Imperial Light Horse. He also took part in the second Matabele War. His father, Colonel E. Y. Brabant, is a well-known

member of the Cape Parliament. Our portrait is by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

Captain Charles Augustus Kerr Pechell, 3rd King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was killed in the defence of Mafeking during the Boer attack of October 31, was the son of Admiral Mark Robert Pechell, and was serving, at the time of his death, with the Bechuanaland Police. He became a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles in 1893. His brother, Captain M. H. K. Pechell, of the same regiment, whose portrait appeared recently in *The Graphic*, was killed in the battle of Talana Hill.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

It would be impossible, without the assistance of a plebiscite, to ascertain whether the majority of the English people like the Germans. Most of us who are educated up to date admire their literature and their music, and all of us who are unprejudiced admire their love of country and their courage. Whether we like the Germans or do not, we all like the German Emperor for his moral and physical courage and his chivalrous character, and the high ideals which he has set up for himself have undoubtedly won for him the respect and the admiration of the English people.

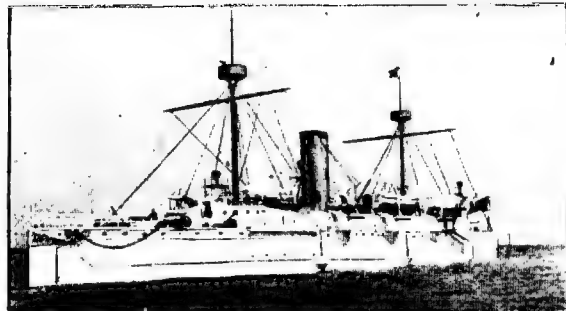
Military and Naval experts derive much amusement from the frequent panic-inspired articles which appear in the newspapers with regard to the possible results of a European combination against Great Britain. As these experts very rightly point out, there are not sufficient transports at the disposal of the united Continental Powers to convey even half of the vast army, together with its commissariat and other requirements, which would be necessary to invade Great Britain. When France decided to send 15,000 men to Madagascar, the French Government had to hire British transports for the purpose.

Diplomatists of all nations are looking towards Japan at this moment. It is known that much of the ammunition and stores required for military purposes, which are generally supposed to have been consigned from Europe to the Transvaal, have really been despatched to Japan. The strange secrecy maintained with regard to these consignments adds to the curiosity which has been excited. Europe has taught Japan to renounce art in favour of science; Japan has proved herself to be an apt—a too apt?—pupil.

That there is an unexpectedly large reserve of martial ardour in Great Britain has been revealed by the present crisis. Quiet and generally mild-mannered middle-aged men at the clubs can be heard deploring that they are not "twenty years younger" that they might hurry off to South Africa to lay down limb or life for the good of their country. That is a very edifying attitude. It is only fair to add that the more youthful seem to be fired by the same desire to brave dismemberment or death at the cannon's mouth. Whether it is that the officials at the War Office are experts in the art of judging character, or that raw recruits are considered to be useless, it is a fact that few of these candidates are enrolled.

It is a fact that the greatest favour which the War Office can grant at this moment is to accept the service of such recruits. Should a volunteer buy his whole equipment, and, together with a couple of horses convey himself and the latter, at his own cost, to South Africa, it is probable that he may be enrolled in the local forces. The War Office, of course, cannot exercise any control over the composition of these forces. Again, should a volunteer be intimately acquainted with one of the generals or a colonel of a regiment, these may permit him to attach himself to the force under their command. Raw recruits, however, are not acceptable. Men, however strong they may be constitutionally and otherwise, who have not been trained with either the Militia or the Yeomanry, have little or no chance of being accepted. These remarks refer, of course, to West End men.

Several hunt-club balls and other entertainments of a similar nature have been abandoned, as it has rightly been considered to be unbecoming that those who remain at home should be dancing whilst some of our soldiers are dying on the veldt. It is to be hoped that the example will be generally followed. There are county and other balls which are given to aid the funds of certain charitable institutions. These, of course, should not be abandoned, the more so now that much of the money which, in the ordinary course of events, would go to support these institutions is being diverted into other channels.



The United States cruiser *Charleston* was wrecked on the 2nd inst. on a coral reef not marked on the chart, three miles to the north-west of the Guinapuk rocks, which are situated north-east of the island of Luzon. All on board were safely landed on Kamiguin Island armed with rifles, and two Colt's automatic guns. The natives on the island were friendly. An officer and six or seven men decided to make for Manila in the ship's launch. After many hard experiences they fell in with a transport, which picked them up. On receipt of news of the disaster, the battleship *Oregon* went to Kamiguin to the assistance of the wrecked sailors.

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER THAT HAS BEEN WRECKED

An Imperial Meeting

IN the time of the first German Emperor, William I., the interviews of Tsar and Kaiser were almost an annual fixture. The present Russian and German Sovereigns meet less often, so that special interest and importance were attached to the recent visit of the Tsar and Tsaritsa to Potsdam. According to their custom the Imperial couple had been spending their holidays with the Tsaritsa's family in Germany, and took the opportunity to pay the visit on their way home. By the Tsar's wish it was quite an informal meeting, with no State ceremonial attached, but as Count Muravieff accompanied his Imperial master the political element was not absent. Nothing could have been more cordial than the German welcome given to the Russian guests, alike from Emperor William and the Empress, who were waiting at the Wildpark Station, and the crowds thronging the route to the New Palace. Emperor William wore Russian uniform in compliment to his guest, who in his turn appeared as a German General, while soldiers from the Tsar Alexander regiment formed the guard of honour. Directly the Tsar and Tsaritsa got out of the train there was much embracing between Emperors and Empresses and the Russian Imperial children. After inspecting the guard of honour, the Imperial party drove off to the New Palace to lunch. The afternoon was spent in strolling about the park at Sans Souci, with a visit to the Emperor Frederick's mausoleum, where the Tsar laid a splendid wreath on the tomb. Thence the Emperors went home in a dogcart, Emperor William handling the ribbons. Empress Augusta also introduced her children to the Tsaritsa, little Princess Luischen doing the honours to the two tiny Grand Duchesses. A banquet in the Jasper Gallery followed, and late in the evening the Tsar and Tsaritsa started homewards, the German Emperor accompanying them to Charlottenburg. Both Russia and Germany are highly delighted at the visit itself and the general tone of cordiality, whilst it is especially noticed that the speeches made at the Palace



The armoured trains which have figured so prominently in the fighting round Ladysmith were put together at the railway workshops at Durban. The train shown in our illustration, before leaving for the front, was tested at Pietermaritzburg, and inspected by the late General Sir W. P. Symons. On this occasion one company of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment succeeded, on the word of command being given, in getting into the trucks in thirty-five seconds, a very smart bit of work, if we consider the amount of kit each man carried. The bell signals were also tested. Everything was carried through with smartness and efficiency. The train itself is composed of a powerful engine, tender and three 20-ton iron trucks, the sides of which have been raised to over 6 ft. high, with ½-inch boiler plates, loopholed with vertical slots for the men to fire through. Our illustration is from a sketch by H. McCormick

TESTING AN ARMOURD TRAIN AT PIETERMARITZBURG

banquet were not published in order to mark the distinctly informal character of the meeting.

“Former Heroes of South Africa”

“THE GOLDEN AGE” tells this week a number of stories of the Mont Behaviour of our troops during the Boer War at Majuba. Amongst them there was one whose remarks made him stand out alone from his fellows, and this was Lance-Corporal Farmer of the Hospital Corps. His was a heroic act of heroism, and it proved that he was the symbol of devotion and innate bravery. The Boers were firing on a gallant band, aiming to kill even the wounded, and seeing this General Colley, calm and fearless, declined to ask for quarter. Corporal Farmer was helping Sir Arthur Landon to bandage their blood-covered comrades, when suddenly the latter, a surgeon, and the wounded soldier, were all hit by bullets at the same moment. Instantly Farmer sprang to his feet, waving a white bandage over the wounded as a symbol of the Red Cross—a symbol which has ever been respected by all but uncivilised barbarians. Instantly his arm was shot through and the flag of truce came down, but our hero did not lose heart—not he. He calmly remarked, “Never mind, I’ve got another one”—meaning another hand—and picked up another bandage. Again “flag” and hand went up, and again the desperate enemy sent a ball through his arm and brought down his peace message. He suffered terribly, and in his agony could do nothing more, but one of the men, the surgeon he had endeavoured to protect, made an injection of morphia, though he himself was mortally wounded and at his last gasp. Surely, if ever there was a hero Farmer was one, and it is perhaps a pity that this named gallant has now to earn his livelihood in Bond Street, for he will never recover from the effects of his self-sacrifice. On his breast he now wears the V.C., and certainly he nobly deserved it.



DRAWN BY P. DE HAENEN

The Tsar and Tsaritsa arrived at Potsdam on a visit to the Emperor of Germany last week. The Tsar was accompanied by Count Muravieff, and Count von Bulow was with the German Emperor. The guard of

honour was formed by the Tsar's Prussian Regiment, and the two sovereigns inspected the Palace, where a luncheon in honour of the Imperial guests was given, followed by a banquet.

THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT POTSDAM: THE KAISER AND THE TSAR DRIVING TO THE PALACE





FRANK  
CRAIG. 99

THE REVIEW OF THE COMIC-SITE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY REGIMENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA BY HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR

"THREE CHIEFS FOR THE QUEEN"

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

## The Court

THE Royal Standard floating over Windsor Castle marks that the Queen is once more in residence. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice had a very comfortable journey south, for though it rained heavily when they left Balmoral the weather cleared in the night and the sun shone brightly as they drove up to the Castle at Windsor on Saturday morning in time for breakfast. Her Majesty took but a very short rest on reaching Windsor, for by one o'clock the Queen was at the Spital Barracks to inspect the Household Cavalry going to the war. The keen personal interest which Her Majesty takes in her soldiers' welfare has never been shown more warmly than in the present campaign, and it was no slight matter for the Queen, only a few hours after her long all-night journey from Scotland, to go through the fatigue and excitement of a military parade. But Her Majesty was determined to personally bid farewell to the composite regiment of Household Cavalry, who are so often near her in State pageants, and, therefore, on the very eve of their departure for the Cape, the regiment assembled at the Spital Barracks, Windsor, for the Royal inspection. The contingent consisted of squadrons from the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Horse Guards (Blue), nearly 600 strong. They looked very different from their usual brilliancy, being all in khaki, without plate on the helmet, and with the tiniest regimental badge, so as not to furnish any distinguishing mark for the enemy's bullet—a lesson from fatal experience. When the Queen drove up with Princess Henry, the men were drawn up in two lines and received Her Majesty with a Royal salute. Slowly the Royal carriage drove down the lines, with Colonel Neeld—in command of the regiment—by the Queen's side, and on returning to the saluting base the troops marched past twice in different formations, finally reforming into line.



COLONEL A. D. NIELD  
Commanding the Composite Household Cavalry  
Regiment for Service in South Africa

Then the officers were presented to the Queen, who, speaking very clearly so that her speech was audible some distance away, said:—

"I have asked you, who have always served near me, to come here, that I may take leave of you before you start on your long voyage to a distant part of my Empire, in whose defence your comrades are now so nobly fighting.

"I know that you will always do your duty to your Sovereign and country, wherever that duty may lead you, and I pray God to protect you and bring you back safely home."

In response the men were allowed to raise three cheers for the Queen, and a wonderful volume of sound burst forth as they waved their helmets on the end of their carbines, and were only checked in their enthusiasm by the Colonel raising his sword. Fresh cheers echoed as the Royal party drove off, Her Majesty stopping by the exit to inspect two mounted troopers who were equipped in service kit to show exactly how the contingent will appear in the field. The Queen was deeply interested in every detail, and wished Colonel Neeld a most cordial good-bye. In a few more hours the troops left Windsor amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. Our portrait of Colonel Neeld is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

The West of England has seen so little of the Queen for many years past that Bristol regarded it as quite a red-letter day when Her Majesty came down on Wednesday to open the Jubilee Convalescent Home at Redlands. Indeed, the Queen has only been to Bristol once—in 1830—when she was a girl of eleven. Loyalty was at its highest point, the townspeople had decorated the town with great taste, and the fact that the ceremonial was a semi-State



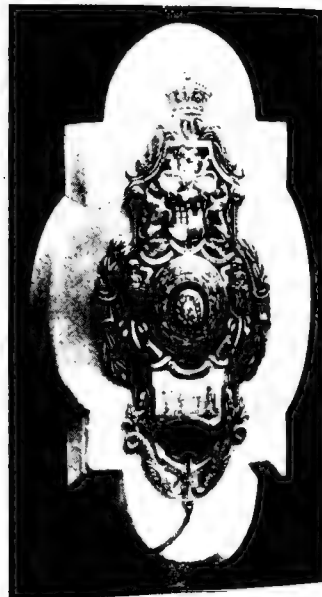
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HOLMES, CLIFTON

THE JUBILEE CONVALESCENT HOME, BRISTOL, OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON WEDNESDAY

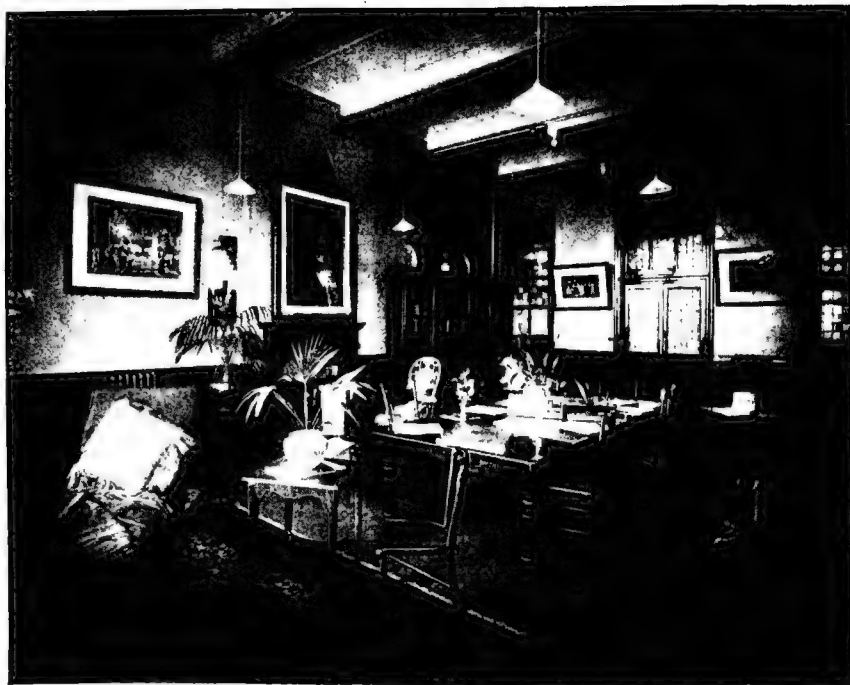
affair gave opportunity for a very brilliant display. No sooner was the Royal train signalled than a Royal salute echoed from the Bristol Volunteer Artillery stationed on the heights of Durdham Down, while a large official gathering and a guard of honour from the 2nd Gloucester Regiment greeted the Queen at the station. After the usual presentations and the gift of a bouquet from the Lady Mayoress, the procession started, the Queen having with her in her carriage Princesses Christian and Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught. Detachments of the Royal Wiltshire and the North Somerset Yeomanry formed the escort. The first stoppage was at the Council House for the municipal address of welcome and more presentations. Then came the progress past the Jubilee statue at College Green, where the Bristol veterans of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny were standing, while further on was a gathering of the blind and poor. At Durdham Down some 27,000 school children were assembled to sing the National Anthem, the Royal carriage being stopped on purpose, and at last the Queen reached her goal, entering the grounds of the Jubilee Convalescent Home to be greeted by a guard from the Clifton College Cadet Corps. Stopping at the south front of the building, the Queen received the President of the Home, whose daughter offered a bouquet, other presentations were made, and the Bishop of Bristol said prayers, an address following. Next Her Majesty drove round to the other side of the building, and received a jewelled electrical button weight to open the door of the home. A flourish of trumpets announced the inauguration, and with hearty farewells the ceremony ended, Her Majesty going back to the station by a different route on her way home to Windsor. Princess Beatrice did not return with the Queen, but went to Cirencester to stay with Earl and Countess Bathurst in order to visit Cheltenham next day for the unveiling of Her Majesty's bust at the Ladies' College. Countess Feodore Gleichen has executed the bust.

A very elaborate welcome awaits the German Emperor when he lands on our shores next Monday. After all the Empress is accompanying her husband, and the Imperial couple also bring their three youngest children, Princes Oscar and Joachim, with Princess Luise. As the only girl of the family the little Princess is her parents' darling, and Emperor William is especially anxious to show her to her great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. A grand naval display will be made at Portsmouth to greet the Emperor as Admiral of the Fleet, and possibly the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York will be there. Windsor will be decorated gorgeously, and after a reception by some of the Royalties at the Station, the Imperial couple will be received formally by the Queen, attended by Her Ministers, at the Castle itself.

The Queen's inspection was not the only honour paid by Royalty to the composite regiment of Household Cavalry leaving for the war. The Prince of Wales came up from Sandringham specially to bid the regiment goodbye, all the fighting strength being assembled at the Regent's Park Barracks. Lord and Lady Lansdowne and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain accompanied the Prince to stay till Monday, when the party broke up, the Prince of Wales going to Rufford Abbey, Notts, to stay with Lord and Lady Savile. It is just thirteen years since the Prince was last at Rufford Abbey, staying with the late Mr. Augustus Savile. Ending his visit to-day (Saturday), the Prince returns to Sandringham till Monday, when the whole family come up for the German Emperor's reception. The Duke and Duchess of York have already been in town, as the Duchess wished to superintend the Exhibition of the London Needlework Guild, of which she is the flint in her late mother's stead. The Duchess looked through all the contributions herself. The Duke and Duchess are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, at West Down, Chichester, for the pheasant shooting.

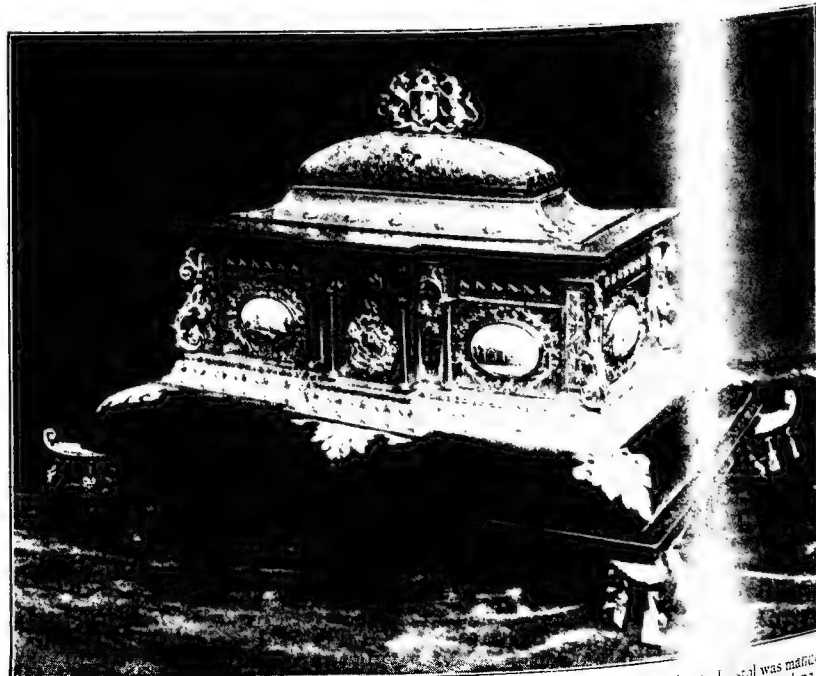


The electric button which Her Majesty used to open the Jubilee Convalescent Home at Bristol is entirely executed in solid gold. At the top is the Royal Crown, with the Bristol Arms underneath in enamel, with dolphins at either side. The push button is set with a very fine synthetic brilliant, surrounded with rubies in the form of a Tudor rose. The work has been carried out by the Bristol Goldsmiths' Alliance, Bristol.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HOLMES, CLIFTON

THE JUBILEE CONVALESCENT HOME, BRISTOL: THE WOMEN'S DAY ROOM



The casket containing the address presented to the Queen on the occasion of her visit to Bristol was manufactured by a Bristol firm, the Goldsmiths' Alliance, College Green. It is about twelve inches long and is made of 18-carat gold. It is of rich Renaissance style, oblong in shape. It is ornamented with six views of Bristol, namely, the Jubilee Convalescent Home, the Cathedral, St. Mary Redcliffe Church, the High Cross, and the Suspension Bridge.

THE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT BRISTOL





DESIGNED BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

HER MAJESTY TOUCHING A JEWELLED ELECTRIC BUTTON AND SO OPENING THE JUBILEE CONVALESCENT HOME  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BRISTOL



Old Ford Dutch Church Railway Station Frere Bridge

Aliwal North, which was founded by Sir Harry Smith, and is called after Aliwal in India, has a white population of about 2,000, of whom a considerable number are Dutch. It is the terminus of a branch line from Burgersdorp. On the left of the illustration there is an old ford, which was used before the bridge (Frere Bridge) was built. The town is 4,400 feet above the sea level, and frosts are not uncommon in the winter. The buildings in Aliwal are two banks, a court house, an English church, a Methodist chapel, a school, and two Kafir churches. Our illustration is from a photograph by Tudhope, King William's Town.

ALIWAL NORTH ON THE ORANGE RIVER, A FRONTIER TOWN IN CAPE COLONY THREATENED BY THE BOERS

Mrs. Lionel Phillips's South African Recollections\*

"THESE recollections of a page in South African history" have been written, so Mrs. Lionel Phillips tells us in the preface to her interesting book, as a record for her children of the part played by their father in the Reform movement. In justifying the action of her husband, Mrs. Phillips at the same time presents a strong defence of the action of the Johannesburgers at the time of the Jameson Raid. In defending her husband and the other reformers, Mrs. Phillips does not spare Dr. Jameson for having allowed the imputation of cowardice to rest unjustly upon the Reform Committee. She is also very severe upon the way in which the news of the Raid was received in London, which at the time certainly made an idol of "Dr. Jim," and abused Johannesburgers to its heart's content. In speaking of this unhappy page of the history of South Africa, if Mrs. Phillips seem harsh in some of her judgments, it must be remembered that she had every cause to speak strongly. Mr. Lionel Phillips was condemned to death for his share in the Reform

\* "Some South African Recollections." By Mrs. Lionel Phillips. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

movement, and, although he was happily respite, the suffering caused to him and his wife by the sentence must have been intense. The whole story of the Reform movement is graphically and vigorously told by Mrs. Phillips. In her account of the negotiations conducted by Sir Hercules Robinson for the pacification of Johannesburg, the writer says of that statesman, in very plain language, that he was too old and too ill for the delicate task he had to do:—

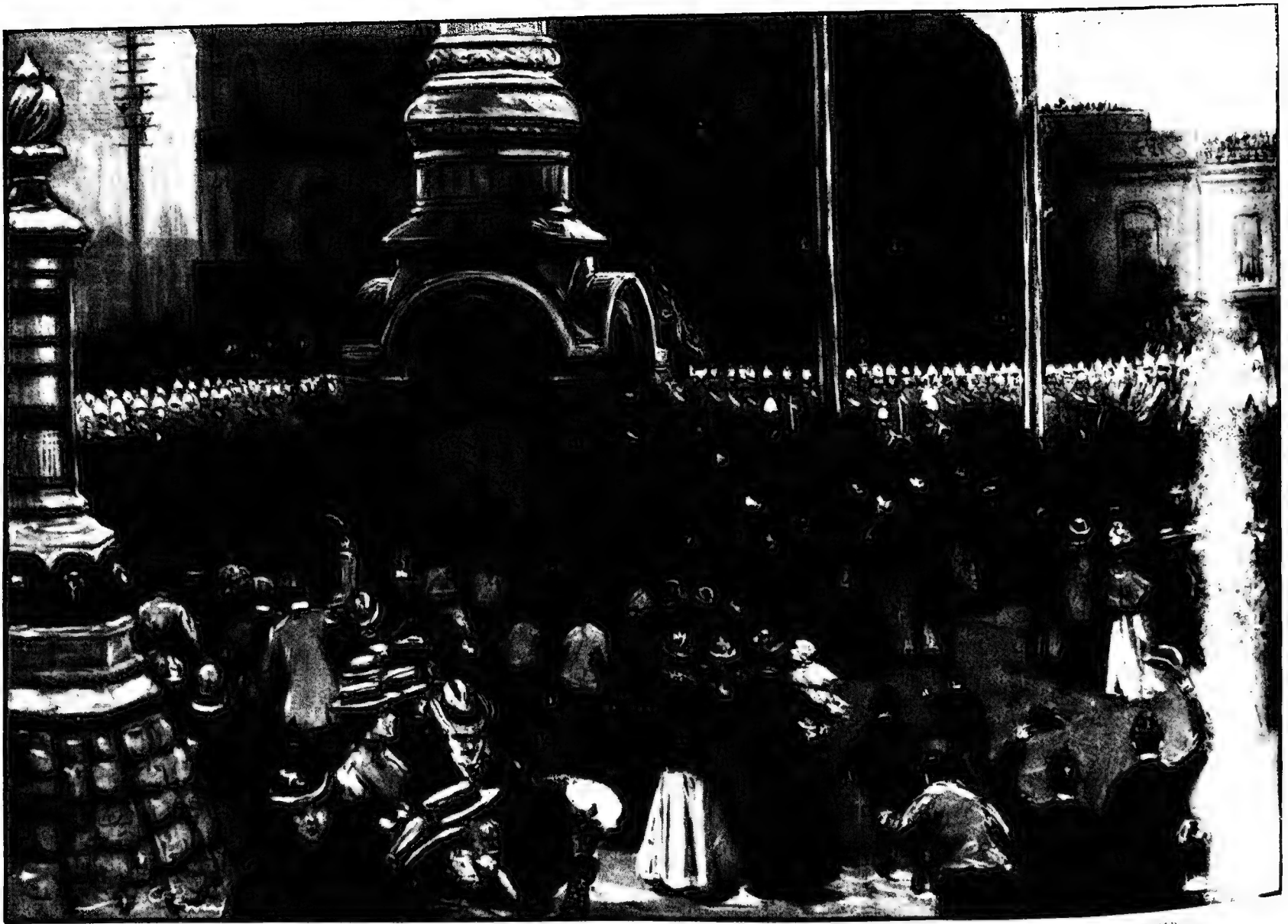
He stayed in Pretoria five days, and was seen by Kruger once. One little interview to settle the difficulties of years! . . . Having done his gruesome work, Sir Hercules returned to Cape Town, leaving Johannesburg absolutely at the mercy of the Boers. He actually effected the disarmament of this large town without making one single condition for its safety, and from that day the most signal acts of tyranny and injustice were committed over and over again by the Boer oligarchy, and there was no one to say them nay.

Of Mr. Chamberlain's action at this crisis, Mrs. Phillips quotes the opinion expressed by some one that "Sir Hercules was the stick that broke Chamberlain's back." Incidentally, Mrs. Phillips tells us much about life in the Transvaal, much that is deeply interesting now when any light upon the general ignorance of the condition of affairs in South Africa that has led ultimately to the present war is welcome. Of the Boers themselves she gives a picturesque description. She speaks of them as "highly intelligent," as "fully persuaded that they are the chosen people of God," as "sunk in

laziness," and as "utterly lacking in a sense of humour." The writer goes on to point out the difference between the people of Cape Colony, who are of Dutch extraction, and the Transvaal Boer.

Though *au fond* their natures and characters may be much alike, there is at this day a considerable difference in many of their ideas. . . . the different life they have led for several generations; and it must not be remembered that the Transvaal Boer is of a rebel stock—his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. In 1835, when the great trek from the colony took place, these men's ancestors were the men who defied the British Government with great goat cause in many instances—and whose hearts were filled with bitterness and loathing, whose one idea was to get away from their oppressors. The difficulties and dangers that they went through, fighting wild beasts as well as Kaffirs, although it gave them a rugged independence, at the same time developed some of the very qualities possessed by their new foes—namely, treachery and a callous cruelty. Hence, one has to distinguish between the Transvaal Boer who during the same period has gradually been enjoying the advantages of settled Government and contact with a superior class of persons. The Boer living in solitary farm has been so exempt from laws and has gone his own way for so many years that now force is the only argument that appeals to him.

The picture drawn by Mrs. Phillips of President Kruger is admirable in that when you know the man you are better able to understand his actions. There is not a page in the book that is not interesting, and the author wins the reader's sympathy at once, not only because of all she has suffered, but because she is so thoroughly in earnest. The story of the trial and conviction of Mr. Phillips and his fellow Reform leaders, as told by the author, is pathetic in the extreme.



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY ALDEN

The wildest enthusiasm was displayed at Winnipeg when the Western Contingent of Canadian troops left for South Africa last month to fight for the Empire. Winnipeg had not been the scene of such a demonstration of loyalty since the "goth" Volunteers left for the North-West Rebellion in 1885. It was in front of the monument erected to the men who fell in that rebellion that the troops for South Africa were

addressed by the Mayor, and some veterans of the "goth" marched with them to the station. In the enthusiasm prevailed, the bands playing patriotic airs and the crowd singing the National Anthem and themselves hoarse

A CANADIAN CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA: THE MANITOBA VOLUNTEERS BEING ADDRESSED BY THE MAYOR OF WINNIPEG





## The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

NOT too often does one come across two such fascinating volumes of correspondence as the letters of the late Robert Louis Stevenson which Mr. Sidney Colvin has now given to the world. They are admirably arranged in groups, and, with the careful introductory notes which preface each section, constitute a wholly adequate biography. However much one may have thought one knew the writer one rises from the book now with a new feeling of gratitude and delight—gratitude for the genuine pleasure which the reading has afforded, delight in his many-sidedness, with also an admiration for the splendid spirit which enabled him to achieve so much despite the ill-health which dogged his life. They are not letters much concerned with sordid facts. "I deny," wrote Stevenson once, "that letters should contain news (I mean mine; those of other people should). But mine should contain appropriate sentiments and humorous nonsense, or nonsense without the humour." They contain a great deal more than this though; they contain the real personality of one of the most fascinating men of our time, a man as fascinating to the world of London as to the simple Samoans, who almost worshipped him. It is impossible to read unmoved the account of the scene on the South Pacific island when they paid their last homage to their dead friend, and one cannot but feel that if the solution of the island troubles had been left to the poet, essayist, and novelist, he, perhaps of all men, would have best dealt with it.

To know what Stevenson was and what his letters are, take this hitherto unpublished sketch of him from his friend, W. E. Henley, of the first meeting with whom in Edinburgh Infirmary he elsewhere gives a vivid picture:—

I leave his praise in this direction (the telling of Scottish vernacular stories) to others. It is more to my purpose to note that he will discourse with you of morals, music, marbles, men, manners, metaphysics, medicine, mangold-wurzel—*que sais-je?*—with equal insight into essentials and equal pregnancy and felicity of utterance; and that he will stop with you to make mud pies in the first gutter, range in your company whatever heights of thought and feeling you have found accessible, and end by guiding you to altitudes far nearer the stars than you have ever dreamed of footing it; and that at the last he makes you wonder which to admire the more, his easy familiarity with the Eternal Veracities or the brilliant flashes of imbecility with which his excursions into the Infinite are sometimes diversified.

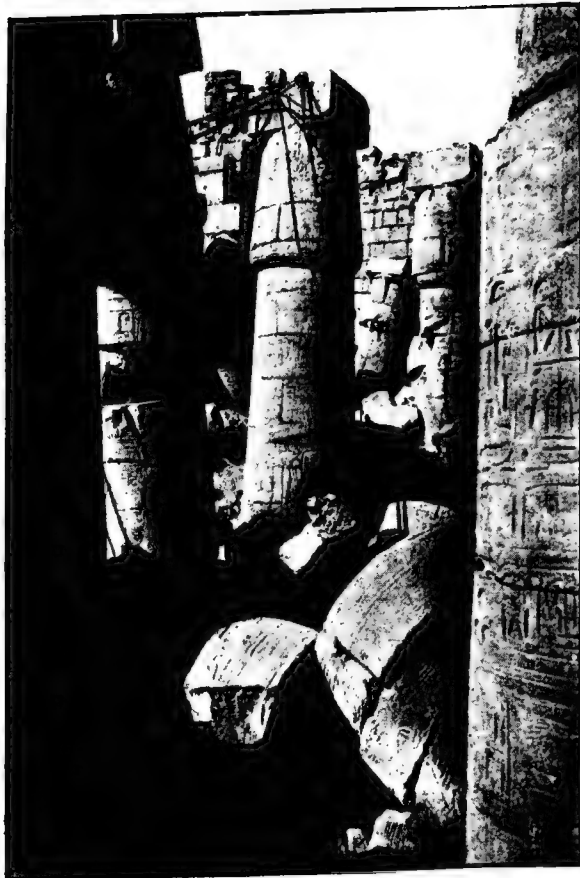
What was true of the talk was equally true of the letters of the man of whom Millais said, "To my mind he is the very first of living artists . . . nobody living can see with such an eye as that fellow, and nobody is such a master of his tools." The letters are written from the many quarters of the globe whither his ceaseless quest of health led him. The bulk of them are to his family, to the editor, to W. E. Henley, to Charles Baxter, and to such others of his own calling as Henry James, J. M. Barrie, Conan Doyle, William Archer, etc. The first letter in the volume to his mother is a quaint schoolboy production, but in a measure it foreshadows the rest.

Spring Grove School, November 12, 1863

Ma chère maman,—J'ai reçu votre lettre Aujourd'hui et comme le jour prochain est mon jour de naissance je vous écrit ce lettre. Ma grande gâteaux est arrivé il leve 12 livres et demi le prix était 17 shillings. Sur la soirée de Monseigneur Faux il y était quelques belles feux d'artifice. Mais les polissons entre dans noire champ et nos feux d'artifice et handkerchiefs disappeared quickly, but we charged them out of the field. Je suis presque driven mad par un bruit terrible tous les garçons kik up comme grand un bruit qu'il est possible.

My dear papa, you told me to tell you whenever I was miserable. I do not feel well, and I wish to get home. Do take me with you.—R. STEVENSON.

Later on, when he comes to write of his work and of his contemporaries, and of the particular subjects he is studying, he is always frank, fresh, and delightful. "I am sorry to say it," he writes to Edmund Gosse, after working at his famous paper on



This view of the Temple shows the northern side of the Great Hall after the fall of the two columns. Our photograph is by H. Favarger

### THE DISASTER AT KARNAK

Burns, "but there was something in him of the vulgar, bagmanlike, professional seducer," though he had a whole-hearted admiration for some of the poet's work. Turn, then, to the letter to William Archer, from whom he had received Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." His criticism of that amazing book and of its author are brilliant. "It is *horrid fun*. All I ask is more of it.

Thank you for the pleasure you gave us, and tell me more of the inimitable author. (I say, Archer, my God, what a man!) He was a warm admirer and friend of Barrie and I am sure of his reservation; he is "too clever to live," he says. Of Meredith—"I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality," he writes to Henley, after explaining that his admiration in this quarter is well known. In the case of Stevenson's money. The terms for "Treasure Island," which appeared serially, were 2*l.* 10*s.* a page of 4,500 words. It appeared truly. Little wonder that it did not seem to have found its place in another place:—

I do not write for the public: I do write for money, and all for myself, not, perhaps, any more noble, but both. . . I do not like mankind; but men, and men, and men, and women. As for respecting the race, and, above all, the burghers call "the public," God save me from such a disgrace and dishonour. There must be something wrong with me to be popular.

Characteristically he adds: "This is perhaps my sedate and permanent opinion." His child when he found himself a "salaried person" to write articles for Scribner at 700*l.* a year is contagious, but he would like to quote pages, but even then there would be no one to conclude with a few words about his exile. . . . One would like to come back once to die. Except for that he protests that his Samoan life made him happy. "I am not a native of seven or eight people in England, and one or two in the States. And outside of that I simply prefer Samoa. . . . I was a native of towns, houses, society or (it seems) civilisation. Now, it seems, was I ever very fond of (what is technically called) the green earth. The sea, islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier." In this connection mention should be made of the *Curacao*, with which warship and her officers he was long intimate. Very naively he writes:—

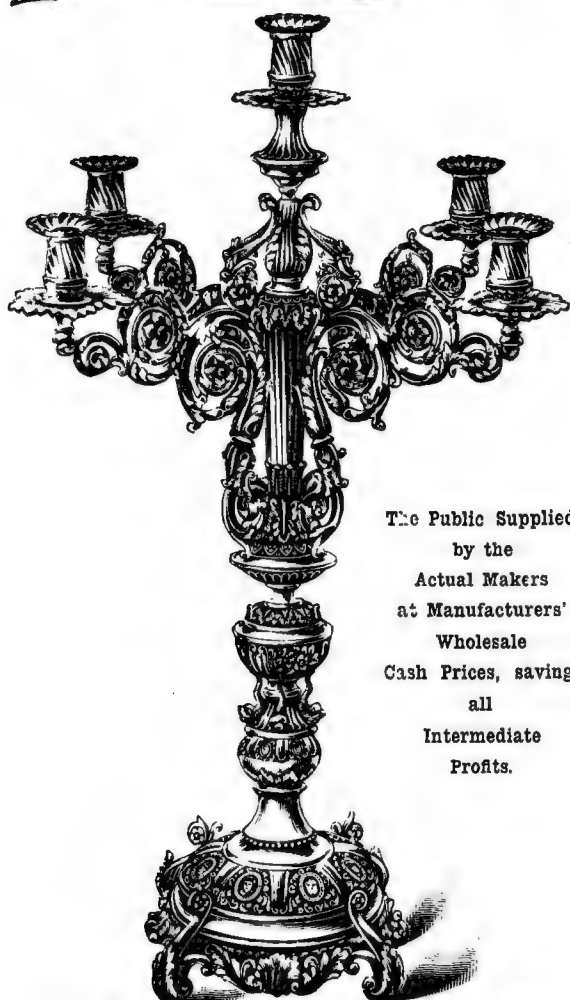
It was rather a surprise to me; many naval officers have I known, and some how had not learned to think entirely well of them, and perhaps sometimes ask myself a little uneasily how that kind of men could be at actions? And behold! the answer comes to me, and I see a ship that I would guarantee to go anywhere it was possible for men to go, and accomplish anything it was permitted man to attempt.

A pretty and generous tribute which one likes to hear. And here is a last word from a letter to William Archer which explains his life's attitude. "In my view, one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lèse-humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat; the reader catches it, and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of art so to send him, as often as possible." And if one says that he sent many on their way rejoicing that is perhaps the highest praise he would have wished and the best. ("The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends." Selected and edited with notes and introductions by Sidney Colvin. Methuen and Co.)

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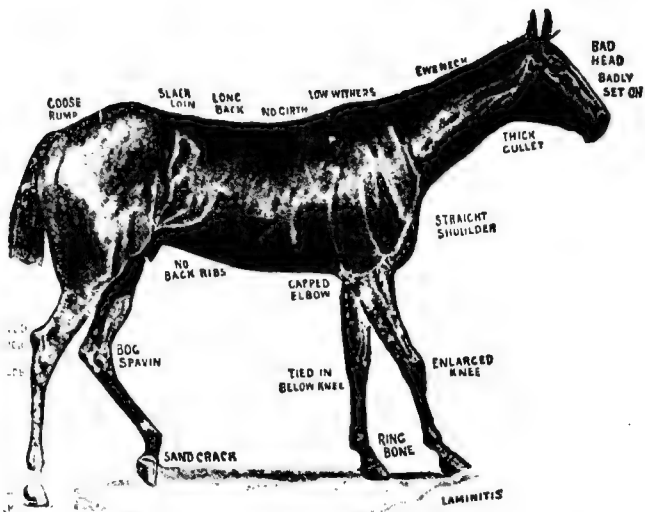
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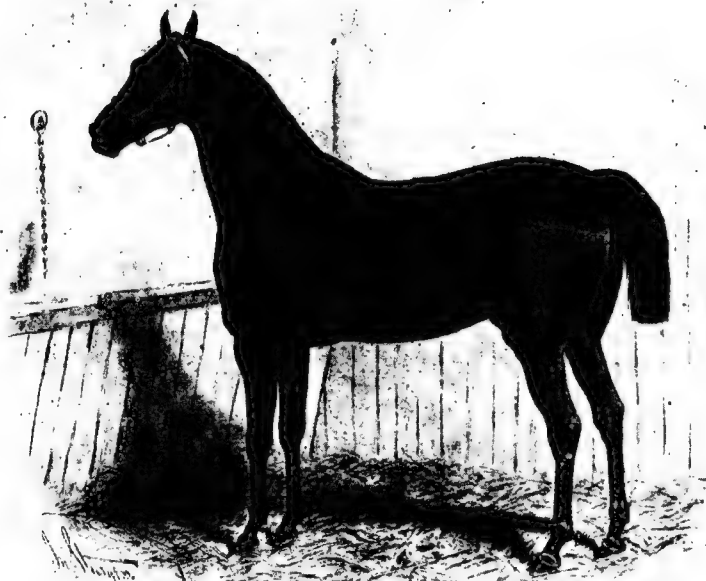
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## The Christmas Bookshelf

### "THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER"

MR. STOCKTON may always be trusted to get hold of a quaint idea and treat it humorously. This year the hero of his new story is an American *pro tem.*, who calmly announces to a friend that he is the Vizier of a potentate who lived in the days of Abraham. That is to say, he was the deceased potentate's Vizier, but having outlived him he has since played many parts, as might well be expected of a man who has lived through a score of centuries. It would appear that

Alexander had heard of a spring, drinking of the water from which conferred immortality. He set out to find the spring, accompanied by his Vizier, but the Vizier found the water first, and drank it all, much to Alexander's annoyance. The most amusing chapters in the book are those in which the hero recounts to his wife his past experiences, and she learns that she is not the only woman he ever loved, but one of a series, stretching back into the dim past. The story is illustrated by Mr. Reginald B. Birch. An illustration which we reproduce shows a terrible encounter between a slave girl and a bear which the Vizier witnessed in a Roman arena. ("The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander." By Frank R. Stockton. Cassell and Co.)

### "WITH SHIELD AND ASSEGAI"

Capital reading at the present time, when everything relating to South Africa is of interest, is Captain Brereton's tale of the last Zulu War, "With Shield and Assegai" (Blackie and Son). It is the story of a young Scottish doctor who goes out to the Cape, gets involved in the war, and subsequently discovers that his sister and a friend are in the hands of the redoubtable Cetewayo. There is a fine opportunity here for an heroic rescue, and, needless to say, it is accomplished, but not until the young doctor has been nearly killed at Isandhlwana, and has played a gallant part in the splendid defence of Rorke's Drift. These fights are both old stories, but they never lose their thrilling interest when well retold.

### THE FORTUNES OF WAR

At a time when the eyes of the whole British nation are fixed on war and its stern realities, it is natural enough that popular fiction should reflect the same influence. This year, therefore, fighting and soldiering hold the first rank among the Christmas books for boys—romances where British pluck and gallantry invariably meet with the success they deserve, unchecked by the reverses of real life. At the head comes Mr. G. Manville Fenn's stirring tale of border warfare in India, "Fix Bay'nets" (Chambers), which shows that cheery writer at his best. Thrilling indeed are the word-pictures of Tommy Atkins and his young officers struggling through swarms of crafty hillmen to the relief of their besieged comrades in the fort, while the heroes are very real, living people, not wooden dummies. As a writer for boys Mr. C. R. Fenn is following very worthily in his father's footsteps, and he, also, chooses India for the scene of action. "For the Old Flag" (Sampson Low), however, goes back to the days of the Mutiny, the interest centring round the siege and relief of one of those many little English garrisons who suffered so sorely in the struggle. A good word, too, for the illustrations so plentifully provided. The same troublous times give Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt the opportunity for an exciting story of the siege of Delhi—"Jenetha's Venture" (Cassell). Colonel Harcourt works out his plot admirably, and his personal experience of Oriental ways gives a very lifelike touch to

his descriptions of Indian places and people. Mr. Henty is prominent amongst the war chroniclers, and although his theme in "Won by the Sword" (Blackie) is of far older wars, his hero is British to the backbone. Perhaps Mr. Henty's heroes are just a trifle too clever and priggish, but otherwise the career of Hector Campbell, under Turenne and Mazarin, is interesting enough to rivet the duller boy's attention. Mr. Henty also has a capital collection of stories of adventure, "Yule-tide Tales" (Longmans Green), furnished by such well-known penmen as Lieutenant-Colonel



"The crouching African fixed her eyes upon him"  
From "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander." (Cassell and Co.)



Escaping from Isandhlwana  
From "With Shield and Assegai." (Blackie and Sons, Limited)

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What is "The Greatest Gift," which gives us a clue to A. W. Marchmont's novel (Hutchinson and Co.)? The thing to the design on the cover, it should be some sort of a gift according to the prefatory motto, a woman's heart; but the story is so made to make any such conclusion anything but certain. There are certainly to be good many more valuable gifts than the heart of a woman who please a more than half imbecile guardian, save the girl who, to of the man whom she loves, and consents to be his wife, and an unhappy creature, who, deformed in body and mind, is the wife of an obviously developing inherited mania. The story is that even so sentimental an ex-merchant-captain who made the match and is the unware of its unsurpassable wickedness, Hilda, the girl, to be concerned, the girl narrowly escapes murder by the hands of her maniac lover, who finally cuts the general tail of the ship out to sea in a squall and deliberately getting him out to sea and drowned. A tangle it is indeed, for though the story is so all and all really simple enough, the old sea-captain's character is means a monopoly of a capacity for bungling and blundering by no exception of the maniac, of an adventuresome character, and of a schoolboy, the characters are far too amiable to be so possible to wish them otherwise than well. It is true that had one of them owned a grain of common sense, there would have been impossible; but then that may be said of the best of stories. And, on the whole, if every story had to be labelled as "good" or "bad," "The Greatest Gift" would have to be put on the better side.

# GOLD SMITHS



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NOVEMBER 15, 1899

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"THE STEPMOTHER"

Mrs. Alexander's new novel, "The Stepmother" (F. V. White and Co.), is a fair specimen of her best manner—unaffected, good-humoured, a little old-fashioned, and altogether wholesome. The story is slight enough. A very rich banker and amateur singer, Horace Merivale by name, has a little boy Cecil whom he hates, under the erroneous belief that the child's mother, his dead wife, had been false to him. Having broken the mother's heart, he well-nigh drives the child out of its wits, and would probably have succeeded had he not given it a stepmother in the person of "Deen" (short for Geraldine) Vesey. Deen's salvation of poor little Cecil by the simple process of love and kindness is easy enough; but not so the reformation of the father, who, disgusted by her championship of the child, embarks upon an intrigue from which he is rescued rather by accident than by any more satisfactory means. He is certainly a poor creature; and the patience of the reader with him cannot fairly be expected to come within a good many miles of Deen's. However, her final success, which we trust is permanent, has the additional interest of showing what patience can do with the least promising material—sometimes. In this respect, Deen's patience is only comparable to Mrs. Alexander's skill.

"THE HEIRESS OF THE SEASON"

Politics—both high and low—give a special colour to Sir William

Magnay's "The Heiress of the Season" (Smith, Elder and Co.) Its central situation is the attempt of a certain unscrupulous Lady Rossie to obtain for her son the hand of a certain lovely millionairess who happens to be affianced to the rising young statesman, Robert Charleroy. So she contrives to entangle the latter in a charge of betraying a secret treaty to a foreign power. How matters might have ended for him in another country we will not venture to surmise. As things are, the conspiracy breaks down, and the intended victim is left as happy as was required by former generations of novel readers, and as rich as is demanded by our own. The novel is certainly not a great work, but it moves upon popularly interesting lines.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

FARMERS are united in saying that the promise of the young wheat is magnificent. It has come up with a strength and regularity which is all that could be hoped, and the deep rich green hue is that which is associated with healthy and vigorous growth. As to the September-sown rye it is a splendid crop of green feed already, but the farmer, of course, cannot afford to let his stock have this perfect meal just yet awhile; it is a needed feature when other green feed is played out. For the moment the pastures are green

and flourishing, and so mill has been this November so far that stock usually byred at the end of October are still out in the meadows. The threshings of late have been chiefly of barley, in fact more of that cereal has been sent to market than of wheat, oats, beans, and peas, put together. The grain is proving of a fine quality, and often weighs 462 lb. to the quarter. The individual grains are very large and regular, and but for a somewhat excessive hardness and steeliness they would be up to the level of the finest years on record. Opinions vary as to the amount of sweetness in this year's barley, but the hot summer seems to be a sufficient warrant for believing that this element is above the average. There has been an excellent demand for tares all this autumn. Despite the good rainfall of September and October, the crops are under an average crop.

CHEAP BREAD

The brief burst of war excitement having passed away, bread is cheaper than ever. Millers are offering it at extremely moderate prices, and the quarter loaf can now be produced at a level of fourpence for over the counter transactions, and fourpence halfpenny with delivery. The great protection of the respectable middle class against shopping for household commodities is responsible for a heavy loss to the community in uncalculated and expensive labour. Bakers assure us, and on this point we can accept their assurance with confidence, that the halfpenny per loaf extra charge for dealing and account keeping does not pay them,

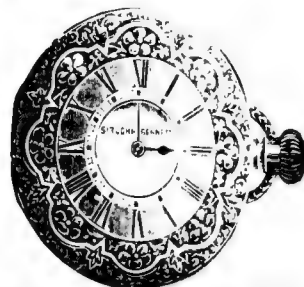
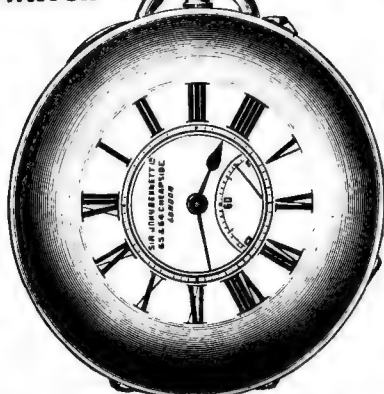
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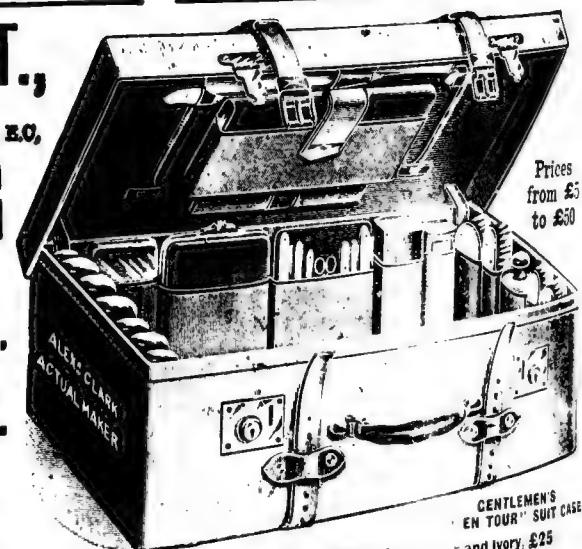
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I enclose a picture taken by me at one of the leading hairdressers in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all hairdressers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,  
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For the same reason, and on same occasions, as you drink beer, stout, burgundy, or claret, you should drink Keystone Burgundy.

The questions of whether it is better and cheaper you can decide for yourself at our risk. We will send one bottle or twelve bottles, and if you do not like Keystone Burgundy you may send it back, and we will refund your money in full.

Keystone Burgundy is ferruginous; that is, it contains iron naturally, which it acquires by the grapes being grown on soil with iron and limestone in it.

It is a pure, natural wine. Delicious in flavour; not the least inky, although it has iron in it; and it is free from acidity.

18/- per dozen bottles,  
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Single bottle, 1/6.

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may, more, that they would greatly prefer a shop business. The reasons for this are threefold. In the first place, it is the casual boy who forgets to leave the bread, or the man who asks for payment with unnecessary brusqueness, who leads to loss of the customer far more often than it is the baker himself over quality, weight, or price of the bread. In the second place, the bad debts are a constant worry to the baker, who finds it extremely difficult to average this item. Finally, the labour bill is always mounting. The wages of boys and men, women accountants, and book-keepers, have all risen markedly, and the ease with which fresh employment is obtained makes the employes extremely careless. It is to be hoped that the middle class over this matter will gain in sense with the increase of "store" dealing.

IRISH LEAN CATTLE

Mr. Rider Haggard, in his book on farming, recently published,

gives us a very lurid account of his experiences with Irish lean cattle which he bought to fatten. He paid what at Norwich must have been regarded as the very high price of 130s. for ten lean bullocks, and he spent 96s. on regaling them. They put on flesh, according to contract, in fact the poor creatures did their best, but novelist found that he was 55s. out of pocket for his hospitality, though, as he perceived, the animals had sold for 4s. 2s. more money each than they cost. Mr. Haggard was very unlucky, for we have known Norfolk farmers, who could always get lean but healthy bullocks at 10s. a head and sell them as fat beasts for 20s. But even these farmers have assured us that it did not pay, and when we add on 9s. 12s. per animal for feed, we see that only eight shillings per head is left for care and labour, capital and lodgement. What we imagine to be the error is to buy stock which has been so starved in the earlier stages of young growth that it takes a couple

of months to get into even the most ordinary and decent condition. It is a proverb that it is ill-fed children who eat greedily, yet without benefit, when removed to a better environment, and all science goes to show that gradual development is the only way to perfect Nature, as all observers from Aristotle to Weissmann have insisted, does nothing *per saltum*.

POULTRY AND THEIR PAPA

Leaflet 57 of the Board of Agriculture is a readable and timely publication. The losses to poultry keepers from the lice, fleas and mites infesting these birds, are very serious, and all these scourges are a dead loss in exhausting the vitality, plumpness, and condition of creatures kept for human consumption. It is, therefore, a matter of great importance to rid poultry of these nuisances, and the Board is doing a wise thing in spreading the best information as to how this is to be effected.

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RED ROUGH HANDS  
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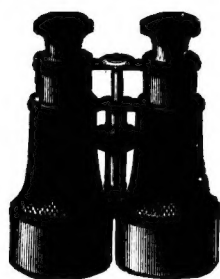
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Makes rough skins smooth, and protects delicate complexions from wind and sun.  
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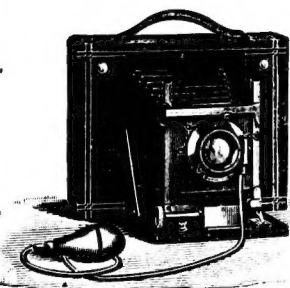
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Old People Like It for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an extraordinary growth when that is wanting.

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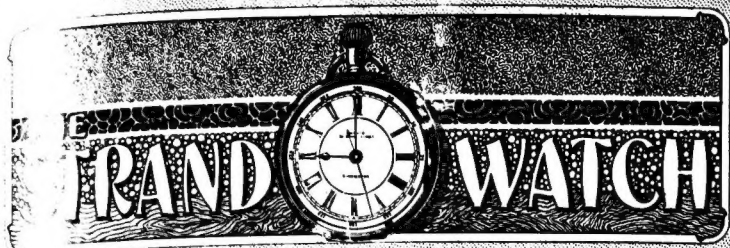
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SOLID GOLD, £4 17s. 6d.

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